R. R.
ADWAY'S
DY
RELIEF,
APEST AND BEST MEDICINE
MILY USE IN THE WORLD.
twenty minutes, never fails to relieve
e thorough application. No matter
excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic,
firm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic,
ith disease, may suffer, RADWAY'S
LIEF will afford instant ease.
NUTE REMEDY.
MINUTES, not HOURS, to relieve
oute disease.
ion of the Kidneys, Inflam-
the Bladder, Inflammation
wels, Congestion of the Lungs
nt, Difficult Breathing, Pal-
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Chills, Ague Chills, Rheuma-
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eglessness, Coughs, Colds,
ains in the Chest, Back or
instantly relieved.
MALARIA
VARIOUS FORMS.
VER AND AGUE,
D AGUE cured for 50 cents. There
ed agent in this world that will cure
e, and all other Malarious, Bilious,
d, Yellow, and other Fever (aided by
PILLS,) so quickly as
's Ready Relief.
w moments, when taken according to
ure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach,
e Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery,
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Relief with them. A few drops in
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Summermen should always be pro-
AUTION.
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here is no necessity for using these
when a positive remedy like Rad-
ief will stop the most excruciating
thout entailing the least difficulty in
sdult.
TRUE RELIEF.
ADY RELIEF is the only remedial
nt that will instantly stop pain.
Cents per Bottle.
H IS WEALTH,
Body is Wealth of Mind.
DWAY'S
APARILLIAN
OLVENT
E GREAT
D PURIFIER!
es sound flesh, strong bone and a
e would have your flesh firm, your
without caries, and your complex-
Sarsaparillian Resolvent.
FUL RECOGNITION.
NIC or long-standing disease is
in the healing art; that reasoning
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suffering humanity, who drag out an
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SE AND TRUE.
Dr. Radway's "Treatise on Dis-
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DISEASES CURED BY
DWAY'S
ILLIAN RESOLVENT.
iseases, Pimples, Blotches, Erup-
, Boils, Old Sores, Ulcers of the
the Blood, Scrofulous Diseases,
Inherited Taint or Bad Habit of Body, Syphilis and
orders, Chronic or Old Rheumatism, Salt
White Swelling, Scald Head,
Cancer, Glandular Swellings,
and Decay of the Body, Tumors,
y and Bladder Diseases, Chronic
, Consumption, Gravel and
, and varieties of above complaints
are given specious names.
here is no known remedy that pos-
power over these diseases that
Resolvent. It cures step by
the foundation, and restores the
ir's and condition. The WASTED
STRUCTURE, and healthy blood will
stem, from which new material is
the first corrective power of Rad-
's Resolvent.
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of the bones, rickets, spinal curv-
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ill grow better, and increase in
Flesh.
RIAN TUMORS.
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y established that what has often
miraculous is now a common rec-
particles. Witness the case of
Mrs. C. Krapf, Mrs. J. H. Jolly
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of Mrs. C. S. Hibbins, in the
r "False and True."
re more of the active principles of
ny other preparation. Taken in
while others require five or six
ollar Per Bottle.
DWAY'S
TING PILLS.
tives, Soothing Aperients,
Pills. Always Reliable
al in their Operation.
Substitute for Calomel.
s, elegantly coated with sweet
e, purify, cleanse and strengthen-
LS, for the cure of all disorders
Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder,
Headache, Constipation, Costive-
Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Female
, Loss of Appetite, Fever, In-
Bowels, Piles, and all derange-
Viscera. Warranted to effect
rely Vegetable, containing no
deleterious drugs.
following symptoms resulting
digestive organs:
ard Piles, Fullness of the Blood
the Stomach, Nausea, Heart-
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ion, Yellowness of the Skin and
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ning in the Flesh.
ADWAY'S PILLS will free the
above-named disorders.
25 cents per Box.
FROM THE—
HURLOW WEED,
Radway's R. R. R. Reme-
dies.
EN FOR SEVERAL YEARS
New York, Jan. 4, 1877.
ng for several years used your
at first, but after experiencing
full confidence, it is no less a
to thankfully acknowledge the
derived from them. The pills
often as occasion requires, and
ired effect. The Ready Relief
scribed than it is by its name.
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Truly yours,
THURLOW WEED.
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Truth
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to different classes of diseases.
Y DRUGGISTS.
LSE AND TRUE."
mp to RADWAY & CO.,
, Corner Church Street,
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HE PUBLIC.
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stablished R. R. R. REMEDIES
worthless imitations of them, or
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what you buy.
nov17

Horticultural Society

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM AND THE GARDEN.

AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

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(Opposite the New Post Office,)

BOSTON.

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Editorial.

DECEMBER ON THE FARM.

Care of Cattle.—In our cold New England climate this month brings all of the cattle to the barn, and the farmer is required to enlarge supply their wants out of the store of feed that has been gathered in for the occasion.

Some farmers have an idea that any boy can feed farm stock as well as a man, but the more observing believe that to feed stock so as to secure the best condition on the smallest amount of fodder, requires quite as much skill as any operation on the farm, and that it is a work which requires both study and practice; study to learn the nature and requirements of each class of animals, and the nutritive qualities of each kind of food; practical experience that the particular wants of each animal, in every class, may be thoroughly understood. While the farmer should endeavor to have his cows feed the stock a portion of the time, he should always be with them to give directions and to see that the work is properly done. The knowledge of how to make cattle eat up the coarser fodder without waste, is fully possessed by some farmers, while others do not even know how to make them eat up clean the best of hay, but keep large quantities before them most of the time. For economy there is nothing like keeping a clean crib, giving cattle only as much as they will at once eat up clean. This will apply to all farm animals as well as cattle.

Wood Cutting.—If the wood is not already cut, no time should be lost in doing so, that it may be piled where it can easily be got when the snow is deep. To cut wood after the snow is one or two feet deep is not a very agreeable task, especially if it is desired to cut the stumps low.

Protecting Trees from Mice.—Trees that stand where there is danger of injury from mice, and have not already been protected before the ground was frozen, should be looked after; a strip of thick bark may be placed around the tree, or if the snow has already come several inches deep, it should be tramped down hard around the tree; this should be repeated several times soon after each snow, until a depth of several inches of hard snow has been formed; this will usually turn the mice away into another direction.

Threshing out Grain.—Before the threshing machine was brought into use, the sound of the flail was heard during December from almost every farmer's barn, but now the work is done so quick with horse power, that most of the grain is threshed out soon after harvested; this prevents loss by rats and mice. A few small farmers yet stick to the flail; such will do well to finish their threshing before the end of the month.

Care of the Poultry.—The poultry needs more than ordinary care during this month, especially the pullets. With a little extra care at this time they may be made to pay a large profit, while a little neglect will stop them from laying, and thus cause them to be a constant expense; for if they stop laying at this season of the year for want of care, it is very difficult to get them to commence again until well into the month of February. To keep laying hens well, they should have a variety of food and plenty of good water. Gravel and ground oyster shells should be kept constantly before them, and some wood ashes for them to wallow in is important. Good quarters should also be provided; not too warm, but warm enough to keep them comfortable cold nights, and a sheltered sunny place in the open air should be provided for them to air themselves during pleasant days.

Farmers' Meetings.—These are important and should be in full tide of success during December. One evening a week spent during the winter at "Farmers' Meetings," discussing the various subjects connected with the farm, will greatly assist the farmer in his operations on the farm next summer, and will encourage him to more careful reading, as well as more careful observation of the growing crops, that he may be better prepared to take an intelligent part in the discussions. These meetings also encourage the cultivation of the social qualities, making him better acquainted with his distant neighbors. Let the boys attend, that they may become more interested in progressive agriculture.

Evenings at Home.—Now is the time to lay out a course of winter evening instruction and entertainment. If the family be large this will not be as difficult as it will if small, but if small, arrangements should be made to frequently unite with the neighbors, and thus secure a good number. While it is advisable to have a course of readings from good scientific books, care should be taken not to make such readings too long; let them be short and the explanations thorough. A continual effort should be made to avoid fatigue in any exercise; in fact they should be conducted so as to make them a continual amusement to the children; so that they shall always feel that their home is to them the most pleasant place on earth. Parents who can do this rarely have to mourn over their children because of their bad conduct.

Settling up Accounts.—Before the month closes every farmer should settle up all of his accounts with every man he has dealings with. This should be done whether the bills can be paid or not; then he knows just where he stands. Accounts of long standing are often the source of much trouble, if not loss, and sometimes break friendship. Better settle once a month, but when this cannot conveniently be done, it should not, under any circumstances overrun a year.

Now, as the year closes, is a good time to adopt the cash principle and pay as you go. This is the best way with all small bills, even if you are sometimes obliged to borrow money; better owe but one man than to owe the same amount to twenty men. Small articles can usually be purchased enough cheaper for cash to pay a year's interest. But if possible avoid borrowing money even for this; better live a little more economically a year or two, until surplus money enough can be saved for capital stock to buy and pay the cash for what is needed, in the house at least, if not on the farm.

DRESSING AND PACKING POULTRY.

A very large proportion of the poultry that is sent to market is injured in looks if not in quality by being badly dressed or improperly packed; this injury is often to the extent of several cents on a pound.

A chicken or a turkey that is dressed by one who thoroughly understands it, and is properly packed in good, clean packages, not only commands a much higher price, but meets with a ready sale while it is fresh, but those that are not well dressed, and come to market in bad order do not attract the eye of the purchaser except to reject them, unless the price is very much below the well dressed, and their means compel economy.

One of the most common faults in dressing poultry is in dipping the birds in boiling water that the feathers may come easy, keeping them in the water so long that the skin in spots is blistered, and when the feathers are pulled out a portion of the skin comes with them; this very much injures the appearance and reduces the market value. If hot water is to be used, great care should be taken to take the bird out of the water before the skin is blistered; then pick as quick as possible and dip in clean cold water; some practice this and make the birds look very well, but experts declare that water, either hot or cold, injures the appearance of poultry, and that the only right way is to kill the birds and pick them immediately while warm; no doubt this is true, but those who are not experts do not work quick enough, so that the last of the picking of a bird is both slow and hard work.

Those who have large quantities of poultry to dress for the market should learn the trade to dress them quickly and well, or employ one who has already mastered the trade. Better pay a man who understands how to do the work well five dollars a day, than to have one work for nothing that does not understand it.

Packing to send to market is another important matter to consider. The packages should be of a convenient size and perfectly sweet and clean; each package should be plainly marked, and inside of each package should be a plain statement of the amount of the package together with such other information as may be thought proper for the dealer to know. If farmers fully realized how much they lose by badly dressed and poorly packed poultry, they would probably be induced to make some improvement.

PAINTING THE ROOFS OF FARM BUILDINGS.

The more difficult it is to get good shingles, the more important it becomes to find some cheap, durable paint that will penetrate the wood, and harden it, so that the sun and rains will not curl and soften the shingles. A great variety of materials have been put on the market, all of which are claimed to be of superior quality. Without pretending to know which is best, we are satisfied that there is a great choice, both as to quality and price. There was a material put on the market nearly 15 years ago which we think was called "plastic slate," that proved, when put on hot, a very lasting material, even when put on roofs that the shingles were nearly worn out; roofs covered with it 13 years ago, are now nearly as good as when first covered, though the material, except what entered the wood, has worn off. This material, for some reason seems to have failed to attract much attention and we think is not now in the market, though there is a material under a similar name, but it, on trial, does not promise equal durability.

It is said that ground slate mixed with petrolium makes not only a very cheap, but also a very good paint. With what truth we cannot say, never having tried it. The great trouble is, there are so many kinds embracing all qualities, from very good to very bad, that the farmer is at loss what to buy. The danger of getting a useless article is so great that he hesitates to buy any. When the time comes that an article is put on the market which is cheap and so much superior to all others, as to be generally known as the best, then large numbers of farmers will paint the roofs of their farm buildings. That such material will soon be discovered, if it has not already been, there can be but little doubt. One worthless article put on the market does more to discourage the painting of roofs, than the introduction of a half dozen good ones does to encourage it.

If we can get a material at a low price that will preserve the shingles by an application once in ten years, it will be of great importance to farmers, who of necessity, are obliged to have many buildings to house their farm implements and farm products. Almost every year some of the buildings require to be reshingled at an expense that is often a heavy burden to the farmer of limited means.

☞ "Don't try to keep more stock through the winter than you can feed well," was the advice we heard a farmer give another lately. That was good counsel. Weed out your herds and flocks and discard those that are the least profitable to keep, from the bovines down to the fowls. "The breed is in the mouth," said a farmer whose grade and native cows profitably fill the milk pail, and he was more than half right. Scanty feed and neglect with the best of stock will bring the profits down below the maximum of results from good care and feeding of indifferent grades or ordinary native. Keep only what stock you can feed well.—[Lewiston Journal.

Questions & Answers.

☞ All questions to the Editor, desiring answer through the *Ploughman*, should be accompanied by full name of the correspondent.

CUTTING RYE.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I have 4 acres that I broke up this fall and sowed with rye; the land is in good condition, the rye looks well now. I put on 8 bushels of seed. I would like to inquire of you through the *Ploughman* which would pay me the most, to let it stand and ripen for the grain or to cut it for feeding cows the next winter, cure the same as hay. When had it better be cut, when the heads begin to show or wait until the kernel begins to form? And, also, are chestnut leaves worth anything for manure to use them as bedding for cattle?

Yours truly, C. L. U.

East Brookfield, Nov. 21, 1882.

As to whether or not it is best to let the rye get ripe, depends on circumstances. If there is a ready sale for the straw at a good price, and the fodder is not wanted, more value would be obtained by letting it get ripe, providing the labor of reaping and threshing can be obtained at a fair price; but if labor is high and difficult to obtain and the fodder is wanted, it may be best to cut it green for hay, but when sown for fodder it is better to sow six pecks of seed to the acre, that the straw may be fine. Coarse rye straw, even cut when green, does not make very good fodder. Green rye cut and fed at once, makes a very good feed for milch cows, and as it comes very early in the spring, it is very frequently used in this way. When cut for fodder it is usually cut while in blossom. Chestnut leaves make an excellent bedding for cattle, and when decomposed contain elements of value as a fertiliser.—[ED.

A "SILO."

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I want to give the readers of the *Plough man* a description of my "silo."

As my fodder corn was light on account of the dry weather I did not decide to make a silo until two days before I engaged Mr. Wade of Newton to cut it with his steam cutter. In two days I was ready for him. Silo 12x24, 18 cedar posts, each 16 feet long, set in ground 2 feet, boarded inside with hemlock boards, double thick, with tarred paper between lumber. Nails and paper cost $50. Am now feeding the ensilage. My cows prefer it to anything else. Their milk never was better.

HENRY BOSON.

Newton, Mass.

Needham Farmers' and Mechanics' Association.—The following is the Programme of this wide-awake association, with the time and places of meeting, and subjects and leaders of discussion:—Hour of meeting, 7.30 P. M Discussion limited to 8.30 P. M. Wednesday, Nov. 8. James Mackintosh, Needham. Subject: "Fertilizers; best kinds and how used." Dr. E. G Leach, James Mackintosh. Wednesday, Nov. 22. L. T. Snell, Wellesley. Subject: "Farm Implements and Improvements" Herbert J Stevens, C. A. Whittemore, of Whittemore Bros. Wednesday, Dec. 6. Thomas Whipple, Wellesley. Subject: "Town Improvements." Josep H. Dewing, Thomas Whipple. Wednesday, Dec 20. Eben Higgins, Dover. Subject: "Dairy for Profit." Eben Morrison, E. Peabody. Wednesday, Jan. 10 Eben Morrison, Natick. Subject: "Potato and Root Crops. R. E. Ames, John Jennings. Wednesday, Jan 24. Geo. H. Gay, Needham. Subject; "Sheep, Swine and Poultry." S. McIntosh, E. Watkins. Wednesday, Feb 7. Cyrus W. Jones, Needham. Ladies' Evening. Subject: "Home Culture and Amusement." Mrs. J. E. Mills, Mrs J. C. A. Page. Wednesday, Feb. 21. Lyman K. Putney, Wellesley Hills. Subject: "Soiling as Ensilage." A. W. Cheever, S. M. Colcord Wednesday, Mar. 7. S. M. Colcord, Dover. Subject: "Grass and Grain Crops." A. Burnett, L. K. Putney. Wednesday, Mar. 21. E. Peabody, Wellesley Hills. Subject: "Fruit Culture; best new varieties." E. W. Wood, A. F Stevens. Wednesday, Apr. 4. Dr. E. G. Leach, Needham. Subject: "Our Homes; inside and out." Mrs R. E. Ames, Mrs. Herbert J Stevens. Wednesday, Apr. 18. H. J. and A F. Stevens, Wellesley. Subject: "Gardening; House Plants and Garden Flowers." Mrs. Abbie F. Stevens, Miss A. P Hunt. Wednesday, May 2. David F. Henderson, Needham. Subject "Garden Vegetables; best varieties." Rhea Morrison, D. F. Henderson.

MANURING GRASS LAND.

[S. G. F. in Lewiston Journal.]

Years ago I believed the proper time for top-dressing was immediately after haying, and although many were teaching differently I doubt whether anything but actual experience would have led me to change my mind. But I have had experience and my opinions have thereby received a radical change. I now top-dress in the fall, as late as possible before the snow falls and even then it is no detriment if there is snow on the ground so far as top dressing is concerned—it only makes the work more unpleasant and perhaps little more of it.

When we top-dress immediately after haying, the dressing is liable to be dried up and partially destroyed by the hot sun of late summer. When grass lands are to be dressed immediately after haying, or, in fact, any time during the hot summer weather, it is absolutely necessary that the dressing be very fine and thoroughly decomposed, otherwise it will dry up into such hard lumps that the rains of summer and the frosts of winter fail to make available plant food of it.

On the other hand, when spread late in autumn, it rarely ever dries much, but is soon covered with snow and, except when frozen, is in a soft decomposing state through the winter. Again, the action of the water and frost during the thawy weather of spring helps greatly to divide the dressing into infinitesimal particles and settle them around the roots of the grass just where and when they will do the most good.

Also, where the field is top-dressed just before winter sets sets in, the dressing is in a soft and pliable condition, which readily admits of being finely divided by a brushing such as we give the land to cover grass seed. Just give this method a trial, fellow-farmers.

Just a word about preparing manure for top-dressing. In this there is one essential absolutely necessary—that it should be thoroughly fined—it cannot be made too fine. Neither is it necessary that it should be very strong. Half manure and half dirt will make a good dressing, and where some absorbent is mixed with the manure it is much more easily pulverised and made free.

We venture to say that four-fifths of our farmers could make all the top-dressing they would care to use from matter that is entirely wasted now. Just tie the cows up through the summer and bed them with any dry matter that will absorb the liquid voiding, and you have a good top dressing. Don't be afraid of the bedding. You want as much of this as there is of the animal voidings, to keep the dressing fine light, and friable.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

"FRESH FIELDS AND PASTURES NEW."

BY O. F. BOOMER.

To the Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I have read with much interest the article in the *Ploughman* of Nov. 11th, written by B. S. Pardee, and styled "Fresh Fields and Pastures New."

If the people of New England were as alive to their interests on the important question of seeking new homes as they are in all other matters of business, they would long ago have turned their attention to those fresh pastures pointed out by Mr. Pardee. The advantages of the South that predominate over the West are so great that it seems incredible that the mere force of habit should turn the great tide of emigration to the West, when over the threshold of our own door lies the fairest land that the sun shines upon, with a climate mild, invigorating, healthy, and as pure as that of Italy.

I had thought to write you of the advantages offered by the South to those seeking homes in new lands, for I have travelled over the West and South, and have seen the relative merits that both offer to those seeking homes away from their native hearthstones.

The vast swarms of the hordes of Europe have filled up the Western States, and to a large extent utilized the fairest portions of its most valuable soils, while the gigantic monopolies, railroads, have grasped everything within their reach and placed a price so exorbitant as to render it a questionable problem whether the poor who purchases under their flaming inducements, *buys their land or sells himself*, a life slave to them. The great States of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota have all been taken up, and the tide has rolled on towards the setting sun. The settler who now goes West seeks a home in Colorado, New Mexico, Nevada, or the western part of Kansas, and while he may find rich soils that laugh bounteous crops when tickled by the hoe, life itself, to a New England man who has tasted the luxuries of refinement, enjoyed literary privileges, and experienced social enjoyment, will be anything but agreeable. Nor is this all; while it looks enticing to behold, in imagination a thousand head of fat, sleek cattle ranging over vast prairies, it must be remembered the rich alone can indulge in such a luxury, and for a poor working man to expect to go West and accumulate such fortunes is as absurd as for a poor ranchman to come East to embark in railroading because Jay Gould has prospered in that line. We are not all geniuses, and most of us have got to work honestly for a living.

The long distance from the seaboard where the surplus of our crops must find a market, will always be a serious drawback to the Western farmer under the most favorable climatic influences; but when the more serious seasons of drought and devastation of insects occur, and which the far West is peculiarly subject to, it is ruin complete and irrevocable. It means blasted hopes and a desolate home; whereas in the South a beautiful climate and a rich soil insures good and reliable crops, and the Southern people as a class are kind, hospitable, intelligent and exceedingly generous.

The people of New England who year by year leave its sterile soil to find new homes, cannot afford to barter the advantages of the Southern States for the enchantment of distance, even at so long a stretch as New Mexico, a good climate, good soil, plenty of timber, abundance of water for stock, within easy access of markets, schools and churches. The South offers advantages to our refined and educated young men vastly superior to the more distant regions of the West, where by judicious management and industry, beautiful homes can be made and the family tree planted in a soil where its roots can strike deep and furnish a firm support for both stem and spreading branches.

Boston, Nov. 30, 1882.

The Dairy.

THE DAIRY.

Can any one tell what dairying is drifting to? We hear of all sorts of queer monstrosities, from lard cheese to cotton-oil butter. No man knows what he eats if he buys it. Simulation is the spirit of the age, and no end of science and skill is employed to deceive. A clever imitation is what men prefer to produce, and the public are led to devour. The simplicity of genuineness is out of the running, as things go in the world. The public must eat what is given them, asking no questions. The oleomargarine men have done a terrible lot of mischief, and offal is the god whom they delight to honor and exalt. At all points they aim to circumvent the dairyman and swindle the public.

The taste of the people is degraded by sham butter and cheese, which seems to be real. Men's stomachs now-a-days, are sepulchres for strange abominations which they ignorantly rather than innocently swallow. This sort of thing is leading them they know not whither, and posterity will pay the piper. It is no longer that which cometh out of, but that which goeth into the mouth that defiles. Meats and drinks of many kinds are not what they pretend to be, and there is a good deal of "tricks that are dark" in what passes for dairy goods.

Whose fault is this? Well, in a great part, the dairymen's, for they have given an opening for the shoddy men of the dairy, who are growing rich out of offal. The law complacently lets men sell what they like, and the sham is often enough better than the real one. Shoddy sells well enough to be carefully made, and so the makers of counterfeit butter and cheese do flourish. Dairymen who make inferior butter and cheese, no matter how real the goods may be, are out of the running entirely. If only the palate of the public be suited, it matters not if the article be real or pretended, so careless dairymen can hardly "make ends meet and tie." But one thing is clear; the makers of really first-class cheese and butter can hold their own and will hold their own against all the nefarious stuff that is made in any and every country. A weeding-out process is going on, and goods which are mere simulations will take the place so long occupied by the products of milk that was spoiled. If, then, the oleomargarine business, the melted tallow and other less creditable things shall result in bringing about a thorough reform in dairy methods, we shall have reason after all to be grateful to men for whom few of us entertain feelings that approach to respect or affection. But let the public have fair protection, let them know what they buy; then the dairyman will win—if they want to, and if they don't the fault is their own.—[Prof. Sheldon.

"LIGHT BRAHMAS."

Miss Welsley, 4896. — Peter, 4888 (bred by C. P. Mattocks, Portland, Me.)

We publish a cut of a lot of Brahmas of the celebrated Folch strain from Riverside Farm, owned by Genl. C. P. Mattocks, Portland, Me. This breed of hens which has now been bred to the present type, with constant improvement for the past twenty-five years, has established a foot-hold which cannot be shaken by any of the new breeds, which are from year to year making more or less excitement among the poultry fanciers. The Light Brahmas are especially good for laying in winter, are excellent mothers, and make good poultry, even when quite old. The pullets, particularly, are wonderful layers in the winter. They fatten easily, in fact too easily unless great care is taken and are inclined to be persistent sitters unless properly managed, but a little precaution soon remedies this. For village fowls they are unsurpassed, because they may be confined by very low fences, and bear their confinement well. The cocks weigh from nine to twelve pounds, and sometimes go as high as fifteen. The hens weigh from seven and a half to nine pounds, and if the Brahmas be any of a standard strain, they are remarkably true to color.

The Horse.

BLINKERS.

[Rural New Yorker.]

Speaking of the use of blinkers, the Live Stock Journal says that if the horse is high strung, full of nervous excitement, inclined to be fidgety, indulging in shying or timid starts, he should be trained to drive in an open bridle. Nothing inspires confidence, nothing removes fear in the horse like a knowledge that the senses of sight and of smelling bring to him that there is no real danger. If the horse can see and smell the object of his fright, his timidity rapidly disappears. Many flighty, nervous horses have been reassured by the use of the open bridle. It is likewise an effectual antidote to an eager ambition. The high strung road horse that would rush along at full speed till he dropped dead, or exhausted the strength of the driver pulling in vain at the reins to restrain his ardor in a bride with blinders, often becomes sedate, and at times positively lazy, in an open bridle. Regarding the manipulations of the bit and the use of the voice, the article says that the intelligent, well-trained horse is almost as responsive to the human voice as are the highest breeds of the dog. At the word of command, he cannot only be trained to stop and start, but to extend himself at full speed when the inspiring tones of the skillful driver send a thrill through him as if he had been subjected to an electric shock. The roadite is provided with the reins, the bit, and the whip; but greater than all combined, with the powerful agency of the human voice. The reins may guide his horse, the bit may inspire him by its skilful manipulation, and the whip may urge him forward to greater ambition; but the human voice is more potent than all these agencies. Its assuring tones will more quickly dispel his fright; its severe reproaches will more effectually check his insubordination; its sharp, clear, electric commands will more thoroughly arouse his ambition, and its gentle, kindly praises will more completely encourage the intelligent road horse than the united forces of the bit and reins and the lash. No animal in domestic use more readily responds to the power of kindness than the road horse.

Horticulture.

THE GROWING OF PLANTS FROM CUTTINGS.

Mr. J. Jenkins, in an address before the Nurserymen's Association, said:

Most varieties of Grape-vines, Currants, Gooseberries, Roses, and much of the shrubbery supplied by nurserymen, grow readily and are grown from out-door cuttings. Whether of trees or vines, in-door or out-door propagation, the operation of nature in the growth of the cutting is the same. The bud holds within its brown envelope the principle of life, which extends through the cells that have carried the circulation, extended the growth and established the bud. After the cutting is divided, nature's first effort is to form a callous with the descending cells that would have gone to extend and enlarge the roots on the mother vine.

Now, instead of abruptly dividing the cane or shoot to be used as a cutting, a system of ringing or strangulation be followed, every bud may be made to produce a plant, with scarcely an exception. This strangulation or ringing is performed on soft or green wood by simply tying thread tightly around the point where the slip or cutting is to be separated, and on hard wood by a ring of copper or other wire drawn closely. This will cause an enlargement and a deposition of cambium at the point of arrest and make the growth of the cuttings thus prepared, when finally separated and planted, almost as certain as though they already had roots.

One very successful experiment with out-door cuttings of the Grape was performed by allowing the canes to remain on the mother vines until the buds had started a growth of one-half inch or more and the leaves had begun to unfold; every eye was separated, the old wood placed entirely below the soil, the new growth just appearing above the ground, shaded carefully, with a result of full eighty per cent. of vine.

In the usual manner of preparing cuttings, greater success follows when the cuttings are taken off immediately on the fall of the leaf before freezing, when they should immediately be packed away in moss or soil until time for planting in spring.

Cuttings of Currants and Gooseberries taken in August and September may be immediately planted, covered with a heavy mulch of straw to carry them through the winter.

Grape cuttings for out-door planting may be made with single eyes, but all the advantages of a two-bud cutting may be retained by simply cutting across the node with a sharp knife or with shears, commencing to cut opposite and one-eighth of an inch or more below the bud and finishing one-eighth of an inch or more above. We find a new and very profitable use for vines thus grown in propagating Delaware, Cynthiana, Norton's Virginia, and other hard-wooded vines by grafting. Roots are thrown out from these long single eye-buds through the cut surface below, while another tier of roots starts immediately below the bud. Above this upper tier of roots the vine is separated and planted on good ground, where it will make a strong two-year old the following season. The lower tier of roots with the piece of stump of the cutting is used as a stock and grafted with any of the varieties difficult to propagate. There is no fear of mixture or mistake from the growth of the stock, as it contains no buds, and as no sprouts start from the stock it the more readily and certainly unites with the scion.

GRAPE GROWING.

[J. N. Sterns, in Fruit Recorder.]

I have just been reading some articles upon the treatment of the grape, and I put myself in the place of the novice in grape-growing. I cannot help feeling that there are many articles written for the papers, that are a detriment to the masses, for nearly every one loves the delicious fruit, and if they have ground of their own, have a desire to have vines of their own. They cast about for a little information upon the management of them, hit upon such articles as I have spoken of, and are completely discouraged, thinking the necessary treatment so intricate that they could never learn to do it properly, and give up the anticipated pleasure of having their own vine.

Now, I have made the growing of the grape quite a speciality for fifteen years, and with that success that I have been able to take nearly all the first premiums at our State and County fairs on grapes. My mode is simple, and but little more work than taking care of so much corn.

I plant my vines eight feet each way, which is plenty far enough, for my mode of pruning. I prefer to plant in the fall if convenient, and just before winter sets in put a forkful of coarse manure over the vine. If the manure is not at hand, a shovelful of soil will do. The first year I allow the vines to grow at will, giving it good cultivation, and in the fall, prune it back close, but be sure and leave enough to get two good buds, allowing them to grow the next spring, and rub off all others as they start. Tie the two to a stake as th y grow, and as before keep well cultivated; in fact a vineyard should always receive as good cultivation as a field of corn would, to obtain the best results.

In the fall, after a hard frost, cut these two canes back to within three or four feet, and they may be allowed to fruit a little the next year, but should they set too much should be thinned off. This year, I let from three to four canes grow from near the ground, and rub off all their sprouts. In the fall, cut off the two canes that grow the year before, close down to the ones grown this year. By this time the vines are ready to bear quite a crop and a trellis should be prepared for them, which will give much better satisfaction than if tied to stakes.

The next spring, allow from four to six canes to grow, always from the ground. In the fall, cut off those that have borne this year, in the same manner as directed the year before. At this stage the vine is in full bearing, and the same process is pursued every year after allowing from four to six new canes to grow, and cutting out all those fruiting the present year. This is called the renewal system. I have practiced it for fifteen years. There are more vineyards in this vicinity pruned on the spur system, but all seeing my grapes this season, and testing their quality, pronounced them superior to any they ever saw. Never summer prune, no matter who directs it. Just as well tell you to shut off part of your lungs.

My ground is a sandy loam, prepared as I would for corn; would not produce over thirty bushels of corn when grapes were planted. Have never put on any manure, until this year I spread over the vineyard ashes and salt mixed, one-third salt to two-thirds ashes about thirty bushels to the acre.

TREE LABELS.

[Country Gentleman.]

The kind which we have used for many years is made of strips of zinc, six inches long, a third of an inch wide at one end and two-thirds at the other. The name is written on the wide end with a common lead pencil, and the label is attached to the tree in a second or two, making one or two coils of the narrow end around a small side branch, the portion with the name on hanging down in full view. The names will last half a century; we have seen them as distinct as at first, after 30 years. The coiled zinc will yield as the tree grows, and neither come off nor cut the limb. We repeat the mention of the matter as some of our best journals appear not to know of these labels. The American Journal of Forestry describes a zinc label hung by a wire, which is more complex, often wearing off by wind, and as often cutting into the bark; the name being written with some corrosive ink, or with a lead pencil, which that journal informs us "will last a considerable time." It should be borne in mind that the zinc, before writing with the pencil, should be rusted more or less on the surface, and for this reason old, waste sheet zinc is best.

☞ A few days since in driving out in the country we saw a farmer busily at work raking up leaves into rows and then burning them up. The leaves were very abundant, covering the ground in great quantities and were very near the barn. If this man had taken a little more time and put the leaves in his barnyard, or under the cattle in the stables, or on his compost heap, they would have been converted into valuable manure. As it was, nothing was saved but the potash, a very small part of their manurial value. They are too valuable to burn.—[Orange County Farmer.

☞ The Government fish commission is now distributing to all parts of the country large numbers of young carp, which are to be domesticated in the waters of this country.

Correspondence.

"ORNAMENTAL ARBORICULTURE."

Reply of John Robinson to Charles M. Hovey.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Some months since my attention was called to an article in the *Ploughman*, by Mr. C. M. Hovey, upon a paper of mine entitled "Ornamental Arboriculture," read before the Massachusetts Horticultural Society during the month of December 1881, which although it contained several unfair statements I refrained from noticing, as I preferred to avoid a discussion with Mr. Hovey. Two weeks ago, however, my attention was called to another article by the same gentleman, in your issue of Nov. 4, commencing in a manner which indicated that Mr. Hovey had written several times before in relation to my paper. This article contained so much that was manifestly calculated to throw discredit upon me that I addressed a polite note to Mr. Hovey, requesting copies of these articles for perusal, which note as yet, remains unanswered. As I do not know the dates of any of the other articles and have not been able to find them in the files preserved at the rooms of the Horticultural Society I shall not trouble myself to attempt to obtain them. I desire, however, to call attention to a few points in the article before me (Nov. 4) which must be sufficient answer for all, as I do not propose to notice them farther.

Beginning with a sneer, Mr. Hovey finally fully endorses all I have to say of the American Ash, but he patronisingly suggests that had I possessed a little knowledge of where to find specimens I should hardly have referred to the Southern Linden as "not yet introduced." Now I have looked carefully through my paper but fail to find any reference to this tree excepting in the appendix, where it is marked by a star, indicating that it is to be an American tree "not thoroughly tested, but which may be expected to succeed" here in New England. Had the single specimen referred to by Mr. Hovey, (we are obliged to accept his identification of this somewhat difficult species as correct) been in any other garden than his own, he would be the first person to claim that it has not been fairly tested.

"The Oaks come next," and here I desire to thank Mr. Hovey for saying what he says I said, although it is not from my paper on "Ornamental Arboriculture" but from another one of mine. Yet the rambling and incoherent stuff that follows, had it anything to do with what I said would certainly make me appear quite ridiculous. My paper, in fact all the papers I have prepared upon this subject, are well known to be in reference to tree culture in New England, as is tw

great length of time. The downward growth of the hoof causes the shoes to become too small for the feet, and consequently the weight at the heels is thrown upon a body of iron, which acts as a foreign body upon a very sensitive part. The preventive treatment is never to allow the sole to be cut away, thereby affording a natural protection against any such accident as a bruise, and never allow the shoes to remain on beyond a month, or at the most six weeks.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 2, 1882.

☞ *Persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent as well as the new direction.*

Dervisch Pacha has been cleared of the charge of having encouraged Arabi Pacha in starting the Egyptian revolt.

The Boston gaslight company will make a general reduction in the prices per thousand feet, on and after Jan. 1st.

A change in the local passenger rates on the Boston and Providence railroad goes into operation with the new year.

The Katahdin Iron Company of Bangor, a rather close corporation, has failed for $100,000 the full amount of its capital.

The President will recommend in his coming Message the revision of the tariff and the reduction of taxation for the internal revenues.

The preliminaries of the treaty of peace between Great Britain and the American Colonies were signed at Paris, just one hundred years ago last Tuesday.

A dynamite explosion near Pittsburgh, Penn., destroyed a dwelling-house and killed three persons, last Sunday. Still this giant explosive is carried about almost without restriction.

A detective officer was shot in the streets of Dublin by an assassin, who himself was wounded by his captors, the officer dying almost immediately. A riot was barely suppressed.

The long-standing Montenegrin question has been adjusted amicably by the Porte, Russia and Austria, and a commission is to be sent from Constantinople to settle the dispute over the frontier.

Rev. Dr. Manning, so long the pastor of the Old South Church in this city, lies critically ill at Portland at the time of writing, and his condition was announced from his former pulpit last Sunday.

The remains of Thurlow Weed were interred in the Rural Cemetery at Albany. A large assemblage of people witnessed the rites of sepulture. Minute guns were fired as the procession passed from the church.

In accordance with an old custom, the State Printers presented a copy of the Thanksgiving proclamation to the Governor and Secretary of State, printed on white satin in purple ink, and mounted on rosewood rollers.

The statement is made that there are 1489 million dollars in the country, of which amount 867 millions are in gold. Of the other half, a very large proportion is held by the people, which causes the banks to feel the tightness in the money market.

In view of the frequency and ruinous consequence of the freight wars between the railway trunk lines, legislation has been proposed prohibiting any railroad, under suitable penalty, for altering established rates more than a fixed percentage in a given period.

THE STATE BOARD "COUNTRY MEETING."

The sessions of the "Country Meeting" of the State Board of Agriculture acquire fresh interest in reviving their past and that of the uninterrupted service of the Board itself. For over a quarter of a century, Charles L. Flint was the active working Secretary of the Board, and it was with his help mainly that these annual Meetings were planned to produce such successful results. To the perfect arrangement of all the details connected with them he gave his assiduous attention, and the consequence was that they created an increasing interest in the farming community which, in the course of time, has imparted to them all the stability of an institution.

What true and invaluable service Mr. Flint rendered the cause of agriculture, not only in Massachusetts but in New England and throughout the country, by his tireless effort and incessant industry during the long term he served as Secretary of the State Board, is of course widely known and duly appreciated by all tillers of the soil and followers of the agricultural occupation; but the real quality and character of the service he rendered is best known only to those with whom he was associated in his work, men of experience and distinction as agriculturists, on whose capable shoulders were laid the responsibilities of the work which was to be done for our present day and for future generations. Together, they constituted a force whose efficiency will never cease to be gratefully recognized by the great agricultural community.

The successor of Mr. Flint knew in advance that he had all the disadvantages, as well as the advantages, of a deservedly great reputation to face at the very opening of his career of service; and he was quite as candid in its acknowledgement as any one of those around him could have been. But the event has so far certainly confirmed the sagacity which selected Mr. Russell as the follower of Secretary Flint, and proved once more that a ripe reputation is as capable of inspiring one who studies it in a dutiful and generous spirit as of discouraging another who does not happen to contemplate it in a proper light. Secretary Russell has done remarkably well during his comparatively brief incumbency in office, and, above all, has shown those progressive and developing tendencies which contain the sure promise of a long future of valuable and enduring service.

He manifests in his character all those qualities which certify to a superior derivation and exceptional culture and training. He is likewise a natural orator, whose gifts are a highly valuable aid and ornament to the public meetings of the Board of Agriculture, and as an official representative of which he is to be ranked with the worthiest on all interesting and important public occasions. In speech he is graceful and felicitous, winning attention and holding it, and giving fluent, terse, and eloquent expression to facts, thoughts, and theories such as are eagerly welcomed by all men who feel an interest in farming. He has done excellent work so far, and holds out the promise of much that is still better. The State Board is extremely fortunate in its new Secretary.

The programme of the approaching Country Meeting is the work of Secretary Russell, who has aimed to combine instruction and entertainment in the exercises to which he has also taken care to give the most engaging variety. The topics chosen for treatment, in lectures and discussions, are those which will excite immediate interest and hold the general attention. They suggest agricultural progress and imply a constant activity of thought on agricultural subjects. And even if they offered in themselves less interest than they do, the character and ability of the speakers on this occasion would make what they say on any matter both interesting and valuable, and elevate the humblest subject to a level with the highest. We bespeak, therefore, for the coming "Country Meeting" to be held at Northampton, Dec. 5th, 6th and 7th, a large attendance, urging the farmers of all quarters of the State to improve their opportunities to the utmost, and thereby claim their due public consideration.

President Chadbourne, of the Massachusetts State Agricultural College, will preside at the Country Meeting next week, and will also make an address. Farmers in every part of the State will be glad to be present and meet President Chadbourne, as well as to listen to his observations on the subject to which their thought has habitually tends.

THANKSGIVING.

The proclamations of the National and State Executives have seriously invited the people of the State and country to unite again in a tribute of annual thanksgiving for the mercies and the bounties of the past year, as well as for the exercise of social and neighborly charity, and the cultivation of the tender ties of kinship and the affectionate associations of the past. There are very few who will not heed these official requests in the spirit in which they are uttered. In New England especially, Thanksgiving Day is hallowed in the common heart by traditionary as well as actual ties such as do not yet have an existence in any other part of the country. It was on New England soil, and on the very shore on which our ancestors first set foot on landing from their long voyage of courage and faith, that Thanksgiving was made a special institution. It has held so long because it struck its roots deeply into the heart of the people.

At this season, and on this part cular day, the Family, which is rightly called the unit of the State, again asserts its integrity. The members, each of whom represents an individual force, whatever its dimensions, on the body of society, and asserts his place among its current activities, now return to the common centre of their origin, bringing the full sheaves of an enlarging experience with them, and sit down together to talk over the mellowed past and forecast the possibilities of the future. It means more than many people realize, to say that this day is sacred to the Family; for by that is signified that the State resolves itself for the time into its component parts, and exists only in the Family from which it sprung. We all come back to our starting-place now; to the hearth around which we clustered when the hopes were young; to the old rooms in which we dreamed the pleasantest dreams of our lives; to the white-haired parents who sent us out into the world with their blessing.

He can have but a poor conception of all this, who is content to pass Thanksgiving as he passes any ordinary day, with no special observance of its associations and memories. As a feast day only, it deserves universal and hearty recognition. And there are none who sit at laden tables and enjoy the vision of plenty before them, whose humanity does not expand under the influence, and go forth in sympathy to the unfortunate and to those less fortunate, promoting kind and generous deeds if only for this one time in the year, deeds not of charity but of fraternity and a closer recognition. Thanksgiving Day is thus crowned with the riches of recollections for all, for those who confer happiness and those who receive it. It is these things which so endear it, and even sanctify it in the common heart. And far distant be the time when it is dropped out of the observance of our people, who owe so much of their present character to such grateful and timely influences.

A glance at the programme of the exercises at the Country Meeting will show the attractiveness of its contents and the felicity of their arrangement. Every session of the Meeting next week will be crowded with interest to those who are engaged with their hearts as well as their hands in the association of farming.

THE OUTLOOK FOR BUSINESS.

There are several things to disturb the condition of trade and general business, but no one cause is so effective as the closeness of the money market and the consequent fluctuation in prices. Among the others, the remarkably low prices of the shares of first-class railroads, and the uncertainty respecting the legislation which may naturally be expected to follow a change of parties, from the recent elections. Speculation goes on, also, as far as it can be carried, drawing into its greedy maelstrom all the different staple products of the country. And as the result of these enforced high prices, which make food dear for the people in the midst of unparalleled plenty, the export trade drags when it should be brisk and profitable, and prospects from that quarter are seriously clouded. The Western farmers, however, are doing well enough, as they at present enjoy all the advantage.

Nothing hinders general prosperity at this time but want of money. The difficulty of procuring a sufficiency of that when it is most wanted is equivalent to the withdrawal of the sinews of war when battle is on the eve of being joined. We have got what the world wants, and must have sooner or later, but the prices are too high to permit export. The farmers of the West survey such a situation with perfect complacency. But trade and general business cannot long languish for lack of facilities. If the mountain cannot go to Mahomet, then Mahomet must go to the mountain. If business is obstructed by money difficulties there will have to be readjustment of prices all round, so that the wheels will begin to move briskly again. That is what it will all come to, and before a very long time. The existing stringency in the money market is not to be endured without some effort to find relief.

THE WHISKEY TAX.

In view of the combination of the whiskey distillers to resist any reduction of the tax on whiskey production, while they are obliged to admit that they distil white wine vinegar at a heavy loss, it will be extremely interesting to watch the movements of this fraternity during the approaching session of Congress, which opens next Monday. It appears that they are before Commissioner Raum already, with their united and emphatic protests against the reduc ion of the whiskey tax in the smallest particular. They prefer to have it stand just as it is. They are even said to be moving for an extension of the tax, which is but a repetition of the proposal of last session, when they got into a snarl from which Secretary Windom released them. This time they propose to act more in concert and more intelligently.

It is strange enough that the producers of an article should object to the removal of the tax on it, or even to the reduction of it. But they will have plausible explanations of their conduct when the proper time comes. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue, however, has changed his mind of late on the subject of reducing internal taxation, having decided to recommend it. Last winter, he favored the extension of the time for paying the whiskey tax, and, although he is credited with being in favor of a general reduction of the internal revenue tax, it is understood that he will recommend the extension of the time for the payment of the whiskey tax, which Secretary Folger says will make a difference of eighty millions to the Treasury. He is said to favor a compromise between the extension of the time and a reduction of the tax to forty or fifty cents. The whiskey men, however, want the tax extended, and at the end of that time will agree to its abolition.

If farmers would get into the habit more of boarding the railroad trains and going to the different meetings, conventions, institutes and fairs which are held every year in the interest of agriculture, they would do a good thing for themselves every way. They fall into the habit of staying at home too closely. It would do them immense good to mix more with one another, compare views, form personal acquaintances, and excite a spirit that should belong peculiarly to their chosen calling.

Modern Dress.—Dr. Alfred Carpenter appeared before the recent Sanitary Congress held in Newcastle, England, and laid it down that the work of a sanitary institute should include not only the house and its surroundings but the attire also of the inmates. He inveighed against the silk hat, styled "the chimney hat," declaring it to be positively idiotic as an instrument of human torture. Lads at school in England are thought out of caste socially unless they wear it, binding their brains as in iron clamps. But he said the coverings for the feet were worse than those for the head. One-half of the population of the civilized world, he said, did not walk on natural feet. Fashion ruled that the feet should not grow as the rest of the body grew. We try all we can to hamper the natural position of the ankle. We denounced high-heeled and pointed-toed shoes, as being a source of dyspepsia and consumption. A woman who cannot walk must be more subject to disease than one who can. Then, too, we bind the body up with features when it should be left free. Stays ought, he said, to be abolished from the list of articles which young girls wear. And children are not dressed enough in summer and dressed too much in winter. But the chimney-pot hat was his special aversion.

An annual Country Meeting is sure to collect a group of superior speakers, who are worth going a great ways to hear on their favorite themes. It will be so this year especially. To have attended the coming meeting will be a treat long to be remembered.

The Keelhauling Torture.—As certain sailors were said to have been forced to submit to this torture, almost always certain death, when the British fleet was at Alexandria, it is of general interest to know in what the process consists. It certainly was at one time a common punishment in the British navy. It is done by swinging up offenders from the yard-arm of a vessel, and hauling them under the ship's keel. It must have been a monster who first invented it. The punishment is not now recognised in the navy, and it may be that it was not executed at Alexandria. Even Egyptian sailors, for whom it was reported to have been visited, by command of the Khedive. Hauling under the ship's keel was years ago described as not so severe a punishment as making "offenders fast to the capstan and whipping them there," or "hanging weights about their necks till the heart and back be ready to break." The description of the punishment by the English newspaper correspondents at Alexandria is believed to have been made as harrowing as possible, for res ons not given by them; and at best they could only have seen it from a distance on another ship.

☞ By an unaccountable lapse of attention, which obviously needed no correction from outside, we failed to save what should have been stated in connection with one of the Percheron stallions recently imported from France, that it was at the timely suggestion of Senator Grinnell that the Massachusetts Society for the Promotion of Agriculture procured one for the use of the farmers, whose characteristics were as described.

The Meeting of the Connecticut Board.—The Farmers' Convention in Connecticut, to be held under the auspices of the State Board of Agriculture, at Rockville, Conn., December 13th, 14 h, and 15 h, is to be instructed and enlivened with a programme of exercises which ought to make the assemblage a very numerous one. Among the topics to be treated in essay and discussed are the Stork's Agricultural school, Poultry Raising, Birds in Agriculture, Trout Breeding, the Management of Bees, Small Farming, Ventilation of Farm Buildings, the Trotting Horse, and the Farmer's Family. There will also be an exhibition of fruits, grains, nuts, and other farm products. Fruits will be tested and scions exchanged. The lectures on trout-breeding and bee culture will be accompanied with illustrations. The principal railroads will carry to and fro to the Convention at half rates. Rockville is twelve miles from Hartford, on a branch of the New York and New England Railroad, and is a successful manufacturing village.

It is nothing to give one day in the year to any worthy cause; and if farmers do not feel sufficient interest in their vocation and in all that relates to it to devote a single day annually to such an occasion as the Country Meeting of the State Board of Agriculture, they cannot well expect some one else to do their needed work for them.

Marshfield Agricultural Society.—At the annual meeting of the Marshfield Agricultural Society, held last week at their hall, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Geo. M. Baker of Marshfield; Vice Presidents Francis P. Arnold of Pembroke, and Leander S. Richards of East Marshfield; Secretary and Treasurer, Francis Collamore, M. D. of Pembroke; Auditor, Albert Sprague of Marshfield; Directors, Frank Ford, Geo. J. Peterson, Chas. A. Walker and Luther P. Hatch of Marshfield; Bailey Chandler, Josephus Dawes and Thos. Alden of Duxbury; J. Dean Bonney and Hiram Randall of Pembroke; Chas. O. Elliot of Hanson, and James O. Sampson of South Scituate. The treasurer read the annual report. The society continues in a prosperous condition.

THURLOW WEED's dying declaration concerning the fate of Morgan, who was spirited away from his home in Batavia, N. Y., in 1827, and never heard from again, is certainly a most interesting statement. Whether he was made the victim of a huge joke, by practising on his credulity, Editor THE PLOUGHMAN is not for us to decide. But it is evidently believed that for half a century he carried the secret of Morgan's fate locked up in his breast, and was resolved to keep it safe until all the parties to the narrative were beyond the reach of earthly testimony and courts.

Visitors to the Country Meeting from the Eastern part of the State can go by the Fitchburg railroad via Greenfield, and receive free return tickets to Boston. They must ask for return check on Connecticut railroad of conductor.

ILLITERACY in the country at large is much talked about, a recent census bulletin supplying the occasion. It appears that, out of our fifty-odd million population, there are nearly thirty seven millions that are ten years of age and upwards. And of this number, nearly five millions, or something over thirteen per cent, were returned to the census collectors as unable to read, and more than six and a quarter millions, or seventeen per cent, as unable to write. With the exception of Germany, this is placed as a more favorable showing than can be made in the leading nations of Europe. The proportion of those unable to read and write in England is thirty-three per cent.

☞ *Mr. Amos Anger*, of East Lexington, Mass., a venerable gentleman of eighty years, grafted a pear scion in 1881, from which has been produced a number of remarkable specimens of fruit, both in point of size and color, and one of which now lies before us. It was submitted to certain excepted experts in this class of fruits, but without a decision in reference to its true name. Some named it the Beurre d'Anjou, and some the Beurre Clairgeau, by which latter name it has been more generally accepted.

☞ A specimen blighted ear of corn is before us, from Josh Hapgood, of Shrewsbury, Mass., showing the withering effect of last summer's drought. One needs but to look at this illustration of the effect of the season to realize what it is for the farmers' hopes to be blasted in the ear, all prospect of filling out being gone forever.

The Garfield Memorial Fair was formally opened by the President, last Saturday afternoon, in the rotunda of the capitol. About a thousand people were present when the Presidential party entered. At nearly all the Washington churches, on the following day, allusion was made of the fatal death of President Garfield.

No question is now of so much popular interest as that of taxation, which must engage the attention of Congress at once. Action is now expected and demanded of that body, and action in the direction only of reduction. There is vastely too large an accumulation of money in the Treasury, and its influence is bad on all branches of administration.

☞ The dividends payable in Boston in December amount to $4,002,021.

Editor's Table.

☞ *The Wonderful City of Tokio*, by Edward Greey, is an account of the further adventures of the Jewett Family and their friend Oto Namboo. It is illustrated with 160 cuts. This book is a fitting sequel to the other, "Young American in Japan," and in attractiveness of both text and illustrations is not only its equal but an improvement on it. It is original throughout, and on every page shows a familiarity with the subject that is the best guarantee of interest and instruction. The author has been a long resident of Japan, and helps his readers to see things in that strange country out of his own eyes. It is a volume especially for young people, who will be fascinated with the odd surroundings in which his characters are placed. Dr. Oto Namboo acts as the guide of the party, and with him they dine at a Japanese restaurant, assist at a conflagration, visit the jugglers, and partake of an endless variety of adventure. A Japanese artist designed the most of the illustrations. It is a book that will take at once the highest rank among the many that constitute juvenile literature. Published by Lee and Shepard.

☞ The "Heroes of History" series, by George M Towle, is completed by the publication of *Drake, the Sea King of Devon*, making six of the set. Sir Francis Drake was one of the chief figures in the brilliant group of genius and valor which surrounded the throne of Queen Elizabeth, and was the foremost of the sea conquerors of his age. A buccaneer, plough ing the ocean in search of capture, preying on the commerce of the hated Spaniards, pillaging colonies, and filling his ships with the gold and gems taken from the enemy, he was the most ruthless and successful corsair of his day. He was the first English Admiral to sail a ship completely around the globe, and to his daring enterprises is due the establishment of an English empire in the Orient. He was the hero of the victory won by the English over the Invincible Armada of Spain in the English Channel. His wonderful exploits and traits of character are recited in Mr. Towle's account in a graphic manner, and will be eagerly read by every boy who can get hold of it for a day or an evening.

☞ *Harvest Voices* is the title of a discourse delivered in the Central Congregational Church of Chelsea, Mass., on Sunday, Oct. 22d, by Rev. Mr. Nason, pastor. It was on the occasion of the harvest offerings, and is rich and varied in thought, and elevated and at times eloquent in expression. Published by D. C. Colesworthy.

☞ *Traits of Representative Men*, by George W. Bungay, is a volume of sketches, each accompanied with a portrait, giving the history and character of some forty representative men, comprising poets, philosophers, orators, financiers, soldiers and statesmen. It is a series of pen-and-ink portraits, and is well done. Published by Fowler & Wells, and on sale by Lee & Shepard.

☞ *Our Boys in India* is a large and handsome book of adventure, which conducts to a personal acquaintance with affairs in the Indian Empire. A rather melo dramatic story helps us to India, but when once there the interest grows very fast. The story was only the preface to the author's design, which is to unfold some of the wondrous sights and scenes in the great land of mystery, romance, and adventure. The whole, of which Mr. Harry W. French is the writer, is an account of the wanderings of two young Americans in Hindustan, with their adventures the sacred rivers and wild mountains. There are 145 illustrations in the book. All things move before us as in a panorama, so that we seem to be transported to the company of snake charmers, jugglers, royal personages, tiger hunts, and elephant and rhinoceros encounters. Boys and grown persons will be delighted to read these fresh descriptions of eastern scenery. There are few boys who would not be greatly elated to receive a present of such a book for the holidays. It is printed and bound almost luxuriously. Lee & Shepard publishers.

☞ *The Young Silver Seekers*, by Samuel W. Worth Cozzens, is a story of Hall and Nelson the Marvellous Country. Judge Cozzens was such a favorite with young readers that his death is almost like a personal loss to them. The present volume is completed from the manuscript and memoranda left by him, by a competent hand, and admirably matches his two former books in adventure and in knowledge of the marvellous Southwest. The incidents he portrays are amusing as well as thrilling. There are encounters with the fierce Apaches, and there are wonderful stories of the rich mines found in that remarkable region. The facts contained in the story are an offset to all the fiction, and make the boy's spirit burn with a desire to do something worthy in life. Published by Lee and Shepard, and for sale by A. Williams & Co.

☞ *Live Oak Boys* is the name of the latest of Elijah Kellogg's stories for boys, which relates the adventures of Richard Constable after an ass ashore, and, with the help of the illustrations, makes up a very readable story. Mr. Kellogg's reputa with young readers, and with boys especially, is not to be questioned. Few write so more popular with them. The purpose and motive of this story of Richard Constable is to show that a boy who has the real qualities in him is not to be given over merely because, for a season, they run wild and are unfavorable. Exuberance of temperament only requires to restore organic harmony and strength in the concealed powers of womanhood; and for most of these we are indebted to persons outside of the medical profession. Among the very best of these remedies I assign a prominent place to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

—The late Thurlow Weed left a property estimated to be worth between five and six hundred thousand dollars.

A WISE WORD FROM ADDISON.

Says Addison: "Health and cheer ulness mutually beget each other." There are volumes of truth in this. It is difficult to look at the world through cheery glasses, when disease has set in upon the lobes and back, and when the liver and kidneys are out of order. But cheerfulness returns with Hunt's Remedy, the great kidney and liver medicine, because it brings health to the afflicted. The aching back, the sallow skin, the hollow eye, the distressed feeling, the burnt body, the despondent mind, give way before Hunt's Remedy to the bloom of health, the bounding step, the cheerful spirit, the renewed strength, and to a prolonged issue of vigorous life.

☞ A four-story building on Market street, owned by John W. Stavers of Taunton, Mass., and occupied by Dennis J. Lynch, dealer in fine groceries, in Portsmouth, N. H., was completely gutted by fire early Tuesday morning. Damage to building, $6500; insurance about $4000. Loss on stock and fixtures, $13,000; insured for $11,000. Four hundred and fifty dollars in stocks and $300 in money belonging to Lynch and $100 in stocks belonging to another man, which were in the store, were lost. The origin of the fire is a mystery.

A SADDENED HOUSEHOLD.—The town of Stoughton has lost two of its aged citizens, both dying under the same roof within forty-eight hours. Mr. Zadon Briggs, who has suffered greatly from a fractured limb, the result of a recent fall, died early Sunday morning. On Monday evening Mr. Varanus Wentworth, with whom Mr. Briggs boarded, passed away. Each was about 80 years of age, and highly respected by all who knew them.

☞ Two men entered a saloon at 46 Merrimac street, Boston, Tuesday forenoon. One said that he was very sick, and he was taken into a back room, where he soon after died. His companion said that the dead man's name was James Carney, and that he was 35 years old and had been at work in Attleboro'.

WHAT WOMEN SHOULD USE.

Dyspepsia, weak back, despondency and other troubles caused me fearful suffering, but Parker's Ginger Tonic makes me feel like a new being great remedy. Every woman should use it. MRS. GARNER Pittsburg.

—Lotta, the actress, makes money rapidly and easily, and loses it by investments in the same way.

☞ (1) "The Salvation Army in England, by One Who Knows it." (2.) "The Story of John Furnds, the Founder of Ragged Schools, by the Minister of his Church." (3.) "American Bands of Mercy, and other Bands, by their Secretary." (4.) "Sketches of English Life and Character." English and American papers describe the Lee area or Mr. Timmins as "Masterly." "In masterly interpretation," "Able and Eloquent." In the Rev. Thos. Timmins, of England, is prepared to give Lectures on the above Subjects. Terms to suit. Address, or call on 96 Tremont St., Boston, Mass. "Note the advertisement of the eloquent preacher, Rev. Mr. Timmins. The topics and speaker must command attention."—[Dr. Eastern, Editor of Christian Leader.

"Mr. Timmins is a finished speaker, apt in illustration, and at times very eloquent. He holds his audience throughout the entire delivery of an address by his able and masterly presentation of the subject."—[Geo. Noyes, Editor of the Massachusetts Ploughman, and T. W. Bicknell, Editor of the Journal of Education. oct21 8t

— The existing Russian law makes apostasy from the State religion worse than theft or even murder.

VERATINE.—It extends its influence into every part of the human organism, commencing with its foundation; corrects digestion, and restoring vital powers, creating a healthy formation and proper circulation of the blood, driving out disease, and leaving Nature to perform its allotted task.

— Four Kentucky sisters were recently married on one and the same occasion.

☞ "It is a great art to do the right thing at the right time." The person subject to derangement of the kidneys or liver has a protective duty to perform in purchasing a package of Kidney Wort. It invigorates these organs and by its cathartic and diuretic effect, cleanses the whole system of all bad humors.

— Herbert Spencer's phrase, "It is time to preach the gospel of relaxation," is made up in condensed form thus, "Give us a rest."

REWARD TO ENTERPRISE.

Four years ago, James Pyle of New York first introduced his celebrated Pearline to the public, and now the name of Pearline is every where a household word, and millions upon millions of packages are annually consumed by our intelligent housekeepers.

— As many buildings have been erected in Boston this year as were erected last year, but their valuation is considerably larger.

QUICK WORK.

The heart of a human being fills and empties itself about 75 times a minute. To increase or retard this operation is too often *prima facia* evidence of some disorder and, generally speaking, disease. Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator will correct all disorders and *cure* all diseases of the heart. All druggists sell it for one dollar per bottle.

— More than ten thousand children have already subscribed for the Longfellow memorial cards.

☞ Premature grayness avoided by using Parker's Hair Balsam, distinguished for its cleanliness and perfume.

— Mrs. Langtry is to appear at the Globe Theatre in this city, on Monday, Dec. 4th, in "The Unequal Match."

"BUCHUPAIBA."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Bladder and Urinary Diseases. $1. Druggists. uch11-y

— There is a great deal of discontent manifested in Paris at the present time.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D., New York City.* dec4-y

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Nov. 23d, by Rev. C. D. Bradley, Charles L. Hildreth to Hannon L. Soule, both of Dorchester.

In Needham, Nov. 23d, by Rev. F. W. Bush, Mr. Robert E. Bond to Miss Anna Engichardt, both of Boston.

In Carthage, N. Y., by the Rev. F. P. Wines, Horace Clark of New York city to Sarah Cushman McIntosh of Springfield, Mass.

DEATHS.

In Brighton, Mass., Nov. 26th, Charles H. Dimon, eldest son of John Dimon, 32 years.

In Ipswich, Nov. 14th, John M. Pearson, 81 years 6 months 7 days; for many years a subscriber to the Ploughman.

In Newton Centre, Nov. 24th, Esther Pond.

In Brighton, Nov. 26th, J. Sturgis Bryant.

In Rowley, Nov. 22d, Abby Weeks, wife of Charles Pickard, 31 years.

In Worcester, Nov. 23d, Elizabeth W., wife of Lo-mis Stone, 78 years.

In Boston, Nov. 24th, Mary, wife of the late Daving Waring, 79 years.

In New Haven, Nov. 23d, Mary Prichard, widow of Colonel Richard of Boston, in her 82d year.

In Milton, Nov. 24th, John J. Clapp, 54 years 10 months.

In Melrose, Nov. 28th, Margaret, widow of the late John P. Leighton, 74 years.

In Boston, Nov. 26th, Elizabeth C., wife of the Rev. E. Y. Hincks and daughter of the late Oliver H. Perry.

In Taunton, Nov. 24th, Mrs. Mary Caffrey, 83 yrs.

In New Bedford, Nov. 24th, Prudence, widow of Willard Gray, 80 years.

FLOUR AND GRAIN MARKETS.

BOSTON FLOUR AND GRAIN.

Flour.—The demand is confined to a jobbing as the trade require. Prices are nominally the same. We quote fine at $3 15@3 25 ₰ bbl, superfine at $3 25@3 40 ₰ bbl; common extras at $3 50@3 75; choice extras at $4 50@5 00; New York roller at $5 75; Canada superior at $5 50; Minnesota bakers' at $5 50@6 00; Michigan roller at $5 75@6 00; St. Louis at $5 50@5 75; Michigan at $5 00@5 37½; Ohio, Indiana, St. Louis and Southern Illinois roller $5 75@6 12½, with some fancy brands as high as $6 25; Minnesota and Wisconsin spring wheat patents at $7 00@7 50, with some fancy brands at $7 75, and winter wheat patents at $6 25@7 00 ₰ bbl. Corn meal is selling at $3 70 ₰ bbl with rye flour at $4 00@4 25 ₰ bbl in a small way. Oatmeal is in moderate demand at prices unchanged. We quote at $5 75@6 75 ₰ bbl for ground, and $6 75@7 50 for cut.

Corn.—Prices steady. Some steamer mixed, containing both old and new grain, was offered at 57c, but old corn is unchanged at quota ions. We quote old corn at 58@60c ₰ bush, according to quality and position.

Oats.—Sales are readily offered at quotations. At present price the market is far below the cost of goods laid down from the West. We quote No. 1 white at 53@54c asked; No. 2 white at 50c ₰ bush; No. 3 white at 48c, and mixed oats at 45@47c, according to quality.

Bran.—Demand dull, and prices are unchanged. We quote bran at $18 50@19 00 ₰ ton for spring and winter, at $19 00@19 50 for feed and middlings at $19 00@22 00 ₰ ton, according to quality. There is a quiet demand for cottonseed meal at unchanged quotations. We quote at $30 00@31 00 ₰ ton by the carload.

Barley.—There is a quiet trade in barley, and prices are unchanged. We quote two-rowed State at 85@90c; six-rowed State at 80@81 00, and Canada at $1 00@1 10, according to quality.

Rye.—Continues in moderate demand at 80c bush in a small way.

CHICAGO, Nov. 25.—Flour quiet and unchanged. Wheat active, firm and higher; regular, 93½c for November; 93¾@94c for December; 93½c for all the year; No 2 red winter, 93¾@93c cash; 96@96½c for December; No. 3 Chicago spring at 93½c cash, November and all the year; No. 3 Chicago spring at 89. Corn unsettled and lower; 67½c cash. Oats active, firm and higher; 37@37¾c cash.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—Wheat—Southern firmer; We ern high r, closing firm; Southern red at $1 03@1 08; December, $1 08@1 15; No. 1 Maryland at $1 09@1 10½; No. 2 Western winter red spot and November at $1 08 asked; December at $1 08@1 08½. Corn—Southern steady for dry lots; Western higher and firm; Southern white 65@70c; do yellow at 60@75c; Western mixed spot at 85@87½. Oats steady and dull; Southern at 42@45c; Western white at 44@45c; do mixed at 40@41c; Pennsylvania at 42@45c. Rye quiet at 94@96c.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 25.—Wheat—Southern firmer; We tern high r, closing firm; Southern red at $1 03@1 08; do ember, $1 08@1 15; No. 1 Maryland at $1 09@1 10½; No. 2 Western winter red spot and November at $1 08 asked; December at $1 08@1 08½. Corn—Southern steady for dry lots; Western higher and firm; Southern white 65@70c; do yellow at 60@75c; Western mixed spot at 85@87½. Oats steady and dull; Southern at 42@45c; Western white at 44@45c; do mixed at 40@41c; Pennsylvania at 42@45c. Rye quiet at 94@96c.

BUFFALO, Nov. 25.—Cattle—Supply light and feeling a shade lower; light stock are at $4 40. Sheep and Lambs—Market steady and unchanged. Hogs—Demand good and prices a shade higher; good to choice Yorkers at $6 25@6 40; light do at $6 00@6 20; good butchers and medium at $6 45@6 60; good heavy at $6 60@6 80; pigs at $5 75@6 00.

Cattle Markets.

BRIGHTON AND WATERTOWN.

Reported expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman

FOR THE WEEK ENDING Dec. 2.

Amount of Stock at market:—

	Beeves.	Sheep.	Shoats	Fat Hogs.	Veals.
This week	2053	12,852	260	21,120	219
Last week	2065	13,506	200	14,723	250
One yr ago.	2336	7,811	265	17,163	215
Horses..... 106					

Prices.

Beef—per 100 lbs. on total weight of hide, tallow and meat, extra, $7 00@; first quality, $6 50@7 75; second quality, $6 00@6 50; a few choice single pairs, @ ; poorest, bulls, &c., $4 00@4 25.

Working Oxen.—$100@175; @ handy steers, $75@125 or much according to their value for beef.

Cows and Young Calves.—Fair quality, $20@38; extra, $40@45; farrow and dry, $15@30.

Fancy Cows, $50@75.

Sheep.—This young cattle for farmers—yearlings" $9 00@30 00; two-year olds, $18@35; three-year olds, $25@45.

Sheared sheep—For 5, live, 3½@4c; extra 4½@5c. Sheep and Lambs ♈ head, in lots, $2 50@4 00 ♈ head; extra, 4½@5c ♈ lb. Sheared Sheep— @ c. Spring Lambs @ c ♈ lb.

Fat Hogs.—For 5 to 7 cts. live weight; Shotes—wholesale, 6c; retail, 6@6c N Y Pigs, @ . Northern Dressed Hogs, 6½@ c. Suckling pigs, @ .

Veal Calves.—5@7c. ♈ lb. Lambs, 6 @ c. A few selected Brighton Hides, 6c.

Hides—Brighton, 5½@5¾c; country lots, heavy, 5@ c; light, 7@7c.

Tallow.—Brighton, 3½@3¾c; country lots, heavy, 3½@3¾c; light, 3½@4c; country lots, 3½@3¾c; sheared skins, @ c.

Shearlings, @ c each; Lamb Skins, @ c each.

CATTLE AND SHEEP FROM SEVERAL STATES.

	Beeves.	Sheep.		Beeves.	Sheep.
Maine.....	80	2600	New York	11	600
N. Hampshire	122	2471	R I & Conn		
Vermont.....	300	4062	Western.	1485	1776
Massachusetts	50		Canada.....		707
Liverpool....					
Total.....				2055	13,862

Left over.....

CATTLE AND SHEEP BY RAILROAD.

	Beeves.	Sheep.		Beeves.	Sheep.
Fitchburg...	708	2360	Eastern.	40	3800
Lowell.....	248	892	Old Colony		
Boston & Alb.	1005	1600	Onfoot & Boats	17	
N Y & N E..			Boston & Me		
Total.....				2055	13,862

AMOUNT OF LIVE STOCK

Exported from Boston for the week ending Dec. 2.

Exporter	Vessel	From Yds to Wharf	C'le	Sh'p
Hathaway & Jackson.....	Palestine		117	381
"	Ill rian		68	
J Meehan.....	Phoenicia		68	
D McIntosh.....	"		87	

Grocers & Drovers.

Cattle.	Sheep.		Cattle.	Sheep
Maine.		G W Brownell...	17	15
Littlefield & Bragdon.....	14	C Leavitt son...	16	
C O Howe	15	C Leavitt.....	16	
Whitney & Hamilton.....	20	C P Burke.....		240
Hamilton.....	21	G H Sprague....	14	90
Libby & Son ...	10	Jesse McCollar	7	90
Libby Harriman	10	B S Hastings & Kenney		500
Libby Merrill	10	Stocker-Ricker.		
Hollis & Co.	3800	**New Hampshire.**		214
Hamilton & Co.	273	F D Parker.....	4	273
Hamilton.....	11	F S Kimball.....	8	140
A Barrett.....	106	J S Smith.....	8	140
I R Sargent.....	6	H S Britton.....	2	250
Wood-Brock.....	13	Atwood-Hulett.	18	70
Aldrich-Johnson	35	200	H Hunt.....		200
Dow-Moulton..	23	580	J V Newton.....	3	70
F B Sawyer....	1		**Vermont.**		
J S Fry.....		284	J D Horner.....	4	
J E Perry.....		74	J S Henry.....	31	
J C Marshall....	30	294	J Bacon.....	9	
A J Fuller.....		94	A A Tay or.

POPULAR GIFT BOOKS.

"THE NATION'S WARD," FROM "BOYS OF '61."

THE BOYS OF '61,

By Charles Carleton Coffin,

Author of

"The Boys of '76,"

"Winning his Way,"

etc., etc.

An Immense Success.

NEW EDITION

is now ready, and for sale by all Booksellers.

Every Boy should have it.

Price, $2.50.

OUR NEW WAY 'ROUND THE WORLD.

By Charles Carleton Coffin, author of "The Story of Liberty," "Following the Flag," etc., etc. A new and important work with additional illustrations. 1 vol., 8vo. cloth, gilt, $2.50.

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VIOLIN Classes for beginners, under best teachers, for $5.00 for twenty lessons. Advanced classes at $15 and $20. Also, Lessons on all Orchestral and Band Instruments.

Best accommodations for lady students. Rooms, Board and Instruction in the elegantly furnished

HOME. Physician, Superintendent of Physical Culture, Physician and Matron, reside in the building, in the very heart of Boston, *entrusting the material and artistic care of the pupils.* Unsurpassed accommodations for 500 lady and gentlemen students. Year unlimited. Free advantages. Winter Term commences Nov. 2. Non-resident students may enter at any time. Circulars, containing full information, can obtain them at NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, Franklin Square, Boston.

E. TOURJÉE, Director.

nov18-eow2t

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They are compounded from Hops, Malt, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion,—the old, best, and most valuable medicin s in the world and contain all the best and most curative properties of all other remedies, being the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Re-s ng Agent on earth. No disease or ill health can possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

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Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile drugged, drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "Invalid's Friend and Hope," and a perfect—family should be without them. Try the Bitters today. apr15 y

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which is to say,

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Certain Cure, Allen, of Worcester (Mass.) Fire Department, says: "After the doctor put the broken bone, I used Pain Killer as a liniment, and it cured me in a short time."

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David Pierce, Utica, N. Y., says: "For colic, bruises, burns and sprains, it is never failed to effect a cure."

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KIDNEY-WORT FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever acquired the celebrated Kidney-Wort for its cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint, for which the plant is very apt to be complicated with external piles, Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds, even the worst cases. Physicians and Medicines have failed to cure.

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PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

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SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. In family, rich or poor should be without it. Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

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IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR

A NEW DISCOVERY.

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IT But by patient and scientific chemical research we have improved in several points, and now offer a Color so perfect in every particular that

It Will Not Color the Buttermilk. It

Will Not Turn Rancid. It is the

Strongest, Brightest and

Cheapest Color Made.

IT And, while prepared in oil, is so compounded that it is impossible for it to become rancid.

IT BEWARE of all imitations of the name of this or other oil colors, for they are liable to become rancid and spoil the butter.

IT If you cannot get the "improved" write us to know where and how to get it without extra cost.

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$5 TO $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co Portland, Me. dec17-eow

READ AND RUN.

— Early this week, the St. John River was rosy over at Fredericton and navigation was closed.

— Bangor has just dedicated a fine new high school building.

— Newport, R. I., has fined one of its well-known citizens sixty dollars and costs and imprisoned him for thirty days, for selling liquor contrary to law.

— The railroad war in the North-west continues, with every sign of its becoming bitter and prolonged.

— The Providence catastrophe is generally ascribed to the use of highly inflammable material in the building destroyed, and to the inadequacy of the fire department.

— Colgate Hoyt, of New York, has been appointed by the President government director on the Union Pacific Railroad, in place of ex Senator Spencer, dismissed last Saturday.

—The stories of Secretary Folger's resignation from the Treasury are contradicted, one after another.

— Mayor Green has been renominated by the Republicans of Boston.

— The Boston Post complains that Thanks giving comes a week late this year, and that it consequently took at least 200,000 bushels of corn to keep the turkeys up to the weight they had already attained, when they were as fit to sell as they were a week later.

— For four or five years past, a person has been paying his taxes in Baltimore by enclosing money direct to the city collector, and he recently sent a letter postmarked Boston, containing $1,530, together with a slip on which was written the words, "State and City taxes for 1881."

— Gen. Francis A. Walker, President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, makes a vigorous denial of the charges that he, as superintendent of the census of 1880, falsified the statistics of manufactures furnished by the Philadelphia agents, in order to make the result appear to strengthen the position of the free-traders.

— A provision merchant in New York, appearing before the State Senate committee investigating "corners," said there were three kinds of corners, the accidental, protective and aggressive.

— Not a single soldier in the Indian continent was affected in his health during the Egyptian campaign, while the English soldiers were stricken down right and left.

— An ex-President of the Hudson River Railroad, who was formerly a prominent speculator in Wall street, was recently arre ted for drunkenness and arraigned at the Tombs, in New York.

— It is stated that a dressed-beef company, recently incorporated with a large capital, will make Newburg, N. Y., a distributing point for supplying the Eastern States by the New York and New England Railroad. A large refrigerator will be built in Newburg.

— The Chicago Tribune says that everything indicates a war between the Vanderbilt lines and the Grand Trunk, as soon as the Michigan Central and Canada Southern have been amalgamated. The Grand Trunk is in expectation of it.

— Dublin streets are not the safest places to be in just at the present time, shooting and stabbing seeming to be the prevailing recreations fo assassins.

— Mr. Trevelyan, Secretary for Ireland, asked the House of Commons to remember that there is a diff rence between the general state of Ireland and the crimes and violence of Dublin. The numb r of agrarian crimes this month is under 100, which is less for the time than during twenty-eight years.

—By the recent burning of Clevedon Hall, the residence of Sir. Arthur Elton, near Bristol, Eng., a portion of the library, considered the finest in England, was burned.

— The fire record begins now to be a livelyone, with the sudden coming of fire requiring weather.

— We have had winter before Thanksgiving this year, which is unusual. It has taken hold with as much edge as if the weather was that of December or January.

— Postmaster-General Howe does not propose to give additional mail facilities between Boston and New York for the present. He thinks other sections are suffering more for mail facilities, and that they deserve the attention of the Department first.

—The estimates of the Government necessities or the year ending June 20, 1884, are generally increase over the appropriations for the sent year.

—On the wall at the *Garfield Fair* in Washington hangs a picture of Mr. Lincoln, which hung in the office of Thomas Ewing, and fell on the day Mr. Lincoln was shot, badly shattering the frame.

— The new trial of the star-route conspirators is set down for the first week in December.

—A grafted fruit-tree in a county in Mississippi last year bore peaches and this year plums.

— The noted Potth Cure in Buffalo has been closed, on account of financial disability.

—Since the commencement of the national banking system, 87 banks have been placed in he hands of receivers, and 420 banks have voluntarily closed their business by the votes of share holders owning two-thirds of the stock.

— The police of Ireland still insist that they are on the track of the murderers of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Under Secretary Burke, and they appear to be sanguine of effecting their arrest.

— The source of supply for beef cattle is moving rapidly to the Northwest, and Texas and the surrounding country are losing their former importance.

— For the last few years, the iron business of this country has been running largely to the production of street rails.

— They are making an effort in New York to raise the money needed for placing Bartholdi's statute of Liberty on its pedestal.

— The experiment has been tried of destroying the famous, or infamous, Monaco gambling establishment with dynamite, but it was a failure, like a great many others in the same place.

— The present prospects for gold importations are increasing.

— The Indian school pupils, at Carlisle, Penn., are put out at service in carefully selected families.

— Illiteracy has increased in the whole country, notwithstanding the abolition of slavery and the progress of common school teaching.

— The report of the superintendent of the life-saving service pronounces the organization and appliances in better condition than at any previous time.

— Bishop O'Reilley, of Springfield, who has just returned from a visit to Ireland, says that Ireland depends too much upon America. The people receive so much money from this country that they depend on it to pay their rent, and consequently are not thrown on their own resources. He suggested that it might be well to give them a lesson.

— A national fine trade movement has been inaugurated in Madrid.

— Gen. Hazen, of the signal service bureau, predicts, from a careful comparison of the weather records of the last fifty years, that the coming winter is to be a medium one in point of severity, and not an extreme one, as has been predicted by others.

— The pot-hunters have been going out of the city the past month, and coming back with rabbits and wet feet.

☞ Feathers, ribbons, velvet can all be colored to match the new hat by using the Diamond Dye. 10 cents for any color.

☞ As a purifier, Ayer's Sarsaparilla acts directly and promptly. A single bottle will prove its merits. Many thousands of people are yearly saved from dangerous fevers by the exercise of a little timely care in properly cleansing the system by the use of this remedy.

— The Vermont legislature has rejected the proposition to submit a prohibitory amendment to the State constitution to the vote of the people.

HOW TO AVOID DRUNKENNESS.

Forbid intoxicating nostrums and use Parker's Ginger Tonic in your family. This delicious remedy never intoxicates, is a true blood and health food, and aiding all the vital functions never fails to invigorate.

— The deer are gone from the park on the Common, and a great many people feel disappointed over it.

"ROUGH ON RATS."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists. mch11-y

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— In New York, in the last four months, there have been fourteen deaths from "blowing out the gas."

☞ Agents can grasp a fortune. Outfit worth $10 sent free. For full particulars address E. G. RIDEOUT & Co., 10 Barclay St. N. Y. nov12 52t

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— A North Scotland Railway train fell through a bridge in Aberdeenshire, killing fourteen persons outright and injuring many more.

SKINNY MEN.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility, $1. mch11-

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A POET'S BOUQUET

of flowers, such as the sweet wild rose, the twining honeysuckle, the bashful passion-flower, the spotless lily, the timid daisy, the adored pansy and the fleur-de-lis, intertwined and blooming amid ferns and vines, and seeming to the eyes as fresh and tempting as when plucked from Nature's garden, is shown in the new and unique

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Rock of Ages.
Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?
Abide with Me.
Nearer, My God, to Thee.
The Breaking Waves Dashed High.
Home, Sweet Home.
Watch His Beloveth Sleep.

The floral decorations on the covers of each of these volumes are in natural colors, harmoniously arranged upon a fret-work of old gold. The best Judges pronounce them a genius.

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Cut ½ size.

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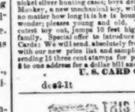

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The Poet's Corner.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

RECORDARE.

BY ELIZA P. MORIARTY.

Here on this hill-top crowned with birch,
Just tinged with golden yellow,
Beneath the fair autumnal skies,
Serene and soft and mellow;
I sit and muse on by gone days,
And wearily surrender
This burdened heart to memory's charm,
A solace sad and tender.

A gray-haired man, I idly watch
The sunlight pass in glory,
O'er objects pictured on each page
Of life's brief, chequered story;
The softened splendor seems the while
With food delay to linger,
Around the silent school-house walls,
Marred by time's ruthless finger.

And as I gaze a visioned throng
Bound through the door-way dancing;
A score of merry lads and maids
With shy bewitching glancing
Of conscious eyes, that conned the lore
To youthful hearts the sweetest,
Of all life's unforgotten tasks
That lesson was completest.

The sunbeams now slant softly down
O'er all the quiet valley,
And clothe with gold the mossy roof
That sheltered my lost Allie;
While strangers gather round the hearth
Where by her side each night-time,
I wooed the darling girl who made
Life's passing days a bright time.

Ah me! the setting sunlight lies
Amid gray grasses creeping,
Above the grave where my sweet wife
In peace divine lies sleeping;—
Some day they'll bear me to her side,
And then through wind and weather,
While still the merry world goes round,
We'll rest for aye together.

Roxbury, 1882.

Ladies' Department.

WITHOUT BLOOD.

A Tale of Woman Workmanship.

BY WILHELM MEISTER.

[Chicago Saturday Evening Herald.]

CHAPTER I.

Harry Rankin was ten years old when his mother married a second time. Although he had been accustomed to rule the house—a "genteel" boarding house in a small Eastern city—he was not consulted in regard to the marriage.

The would-be step-father was a fifty-five year old widower, and an occasional visitor at the house. The lady was the same age—both of them old enough to know better.

Young men marry for money, beauty, passion, vanity, necessity, revenge, title, advantage, position and sometimes love. Old people marry for company only.

Harry Rankin was about graduating from the public school where he had distinguished himself. The spruce young schoolmaster was engaged to his sister, but ruled Harry for some trivial offence, who induced the young lady to break off the match. She afterward married a six hundred and forty-acre farmer out West. Harry "laid for" a youngster who had sarcastically referred to his position at the foot of the grammar class, and sent him home with a "battered" head and his shins "kicked in."

Excuse me, it is the prerogative of the novelist to hold up the mirror of the times of which he writes or she writes, as the case may be.

No wonder his mother did not consult Harry about her marriage. He would have put nitroglycerine in the "old duffer's" silk hat and blowed him into pieces. "Duffer" was an affectionate name applied to Mr. Bates at his back. On the day of the marriage Harry entered the parlor just in time to hear the worn-out and unnecessary expression, "Will," for the woman ever did that wouldn't. Observing what was transpiring he retired beneath the window, and as the guests "among those present" were looking over the "numerous and costly presents," his shrill young voice plaintively sang:

Now let the "b arders yell,"
No more will ring the "dinner bell"
Nor will "them onions smell
Three miles away."

The author inserts the remnant of the original in quotation marks as still sung by college boys when marching from chapel to dinner.

CHAPTER II.

The residents about Hebron, New York, still point out the famous plain, unpainted house where the Bates family settled on a farm after the marriage recorded in the last chapter. Five years passed away and Harry grew and developed in muscle, while the "duffer," whom he never lost an opportunity to torment, held his own against his approaching years.

Upon a beautiful rolling knoll sat the unpretentious home. Across the road way was the old thatched barn where thousands of swallows literally sub-banked the eaves and lined the interior beams, scantling and peaks with nests. A swallow's nest is sometimes used by an artist as a model for a mud hut.

Over back of the barn was a thicket of old dead tree stood at its corner where regularly on Sunday morning a great congregation of crows convened to discuss crops in a double sense. Sunday morning is a time when a young man with a gun sleeps. It is otherwise recognised in America as a day when patriotic saloons close with the back entrance open.

Down a the foot of the great wide meadow ran a romantic brook. It is still a noted place. A school mistress and twelve young lady pupils bathed there for three hours one day, while a stalwart bovine guarded their garments on the shore. Thirteen was always an unlucky number.

In spite of Harry Rankin's faults he was favored by his step father. Mr. Bates regularly on Fourth's of July gave him twenty-five cents and a half holiday. Harry always appreciated this, especially when his half day began at dark after the last of ten cows had been milked. His clothes were usually reductions from those cast aside by an older brother away in business. Sometimes they appeared at the knees, but the step-father insisted that they would wear longer than patches. But time disappeared faster than garments.

CHAPTER III.

As Harry passed Hebron Academy often when in the village and saw the students emerge, with the stamp of future greatness on their brows, he was filled with ambition to penetrate the classic shades of learning. In his private hours he had devoured all the books in the district school library which fur thered his ambitions. He read stories about the army of farm boys that go to the cities with fresh blood to carry on the business of the world, edit the papers, teach free schools, and write the novels, while city boys spend the money accumulated by the fathers who started from the farm. He imagined that the city boy had the best of it, but there was no help for him but to work. He read the histories of nations, of Humboldt and Newton, and everything in fact in Harper's "Family Library" and Abbott's histories.

One day he passed the old academy. Great brick walls frowned upon him. Two massive round pillars supported the portico. An unkept lawn spread out between the building and the street. Boys sat in the third story windows of the dormitory, some studying, some dropping chalk on passers by, and others gazing into the hazy distance. The bell from the cupola struck and the cliques of students ceased gossiping about each other, and dismissed classes sauntered down the shady walks.

As Harry neared the gate, a young lady came down the walk, a vision of sweet sixteen. A wealth of golden hair, of sweet blue eyes, an oval forehead, an innocent merry expression, a pretty summer costume, and a general appearance from the top of a feather on her jaunty hat to the toes of her dainty boots, formed a picture such as the bewildered farm boy had read of in books, dreamed of and hoped for but had never seen in reality. He stopped in wide confusion, a great lump filled his throat, and a tremendous longing to escape his environments in life overpowered him as he saw the footman prepare to admit her to an elegant coach.

There were high stone steps leading down from the lawn to the side walk. The girl sprang forward gaily to jump into the carriage and her mother's arms when so nothing occurred that startled the spectators and nearly frightened the boys in the dormitory windows to falling out. In running along the girl missed her footing at the top of the steep steps, and plunged head first toward the cruel stone. Rashly Harry darted after her on the lightning's wing, and in that infinitely small space of time, every thought pictured a literally destroyed head. There was a sudden unexpected movement, and the form of a farm-boy darts forward, wheeling numbly on his back throws up his arms and prevents the accident, just as his head strikes with a harsh bump and he becomes insensible.

CHAPTER IV.

A spacious mansion stands in the centre of a wide park, amidst lofty locusts, gardens of indigenous flowers and conservatories of exotic plants. The nests of Baltimore orioles are pendant from high overhanging limbs, and here and there a bright colored occupant darts into the nidulant structures where its own weight closes the orifice and hides the brilliant feathers from voracious birds of prey. The nighthawk perches on a dead limb, lying upon the surface and sleeps, oblivious to the rays of the sun while the effects of a heavy insectiverous meal of the eve previous, pass away. Black and white rabbits play among the shrubs, and a tame doe lies sequestered in the shadow of a dark thicket surrounding an obscured fountain. It is the home of a wealthy iron-monger, such as every large town in the East retains with pride.

Within the doors a form lies prostrate on the couch of an inner room. It is that of the insensible farm boy. His consciousness slowly returns, and the soft melody of voices and the perfume of flowers confuses his unaccustomed senses.

"A fine looking fellow," says a matronly voice, "I thought all sons of toil from the rural world looked green. I have a picture of my husband, taken when quite young, that shows associations with prize pumpkins, unaired front parlors and semi-annual baths."

A merry laugh. "Mother, how can you!" "Nothing green in the future of that boy," observed the surgeon, gravely. "He has brains enough for two ordinary men and was evidently reserved by the fates for another example of an American go-as-you-please rise from humble circumstances to something Senatorial. He will be up in a few moments, spurn your offer of gratitude, an be off, as all heroes ought to."

"He will take what I offer him," observed a young lady.

"Most any man would," observed the physician, passing out. "If I were a young man,—"

"You would be as silly as all the rest," was the parting sally of his young friend.

As Harry gained consciousness, he beheld the most beautiful room and surroundings he had ever seen. In boyish horror he perceived himself, in moderately coarse attire, on a great bed of fine carved woods and coverlid, elaborately ornamented. Suddenly a beautiful young face bent over him, and soft, golden hair played with his aching head. It startled him into abrupt consciousness. The young lady darted out of the room for the surgeon.

"A bad hit, my boy, nobly earned; but you will be all right directly," said the latter, "Miss Mary and her mother, Mrs. Gray, will be relieved to see you get up so nicely."

Harry had a stout frame for a boy of his age, and a vigorous constitution. He keenly felt it disgraceful to lie there, even if his head suffered in agony of pain. He arose and walked unsteadily to his dusty shoes in the corner. His brain reeled and he almost sank down, when Miss Mary supported him.

"Lie down again," she said imperatively, "you are unable to stir."

The lad glanced at her kindly, then at his humble apparel and reddened confusedly. His pride rose to its height. He forgot pains and remembered only pangs.

"You are very kind," he said in a remarkably deep, clear voice, as Mrs Gray insisted. "I must not give way to this—I have not time—I must go." He hurridly adjusted his shoes, took down his hat, and started for the door. A tall form intercepted—the Hon Elihu Gray. Elihu also is a Christian name conspicuous as a prefix to that of an humble blacksmith who arose to the ranks of abnormities among legislators.

"What's this, trying to escape so soon? Not at this time. Some other——. I have not expressed my gratitude yet, and the roast is nearly ready."

Harry was hustled away to another apartment by a gentleman of color, who brushed away the hay seed, blacked the cow hide boots, and put out his hand for a quarter. All this was a wonderful operation to Harry especially the latter, which he declined with thanks.

At dinner he felt awkward enough, but any peculiarity was attributed to pain, a fact he was not slow to observe. He avoided dropping his bread on the floor, buttered it down, by eating nothing, and kept his knife and fork in proper attitude by not touching them. He sipped tea while the rest ate, and avoided turning the cup over on Miss Mary's lap by not reaching for articles across the table. Such wonderful success in a farm boy challenged attention.

The suggestion of something substantial by way of reward for services augered him so much an extent that only thanks were tendered. Harry was content to take the young lady in payment when his ship rode proudly up the canal.

The coach was called and Harry was invited to ride to his rural home. Much to his surprise Miss Mary insisted on accompanying him to see that no further accident occurred. The young people engaged in a delightful conversation. A society girl will flirt with a young gardener, if no one else is looking, and cut him on the street. For a chapter on flirtation with a gardener, see "Lady of Lyons."

Harry entertained the young lady with historical and biographical sketches to such an extent that her deep blue eyes widened with amasement.

"I begin to fear you, Mr. Rankin," she said, "you are so learned. Not a boy in our set knows as much as you have told me."

Harry blushed. You can tell when a tanned farm boy blushes by the extraordinary motion it gives to his freckles.

"Young ladies develop rapidly at your age," he observed, seriously, "and in another year you will have grown beyond my ability to interest you."

"I hope to develop into a useful womanhood. But I shall neither outgrow you or forget you," she said, putting out her hand.

"I am only a poor farm boy."

"President Lincoln was a wood chopper."

"I have no means to further improve my mind," he added.

"Thomas Carlyle scrimpled his way through college, earning much of it. So have many of our great men."

The young lady's arguments were too much. Harry thought a moment. "I am not a Lincoln nor a Carlyle," he said, "but from this hour I will regard no inspiration too high, and you and your words shall be the motive."

"Then if I am to be the lady," she said, with glad delight, "my knight shall have a badge of honor."

The coach was nearing the farm gate. She rapidly unloosed a tiny gold chain and locket from her neck, the latter containing her own sweet image. "I was intending to give you this," she said, "for saving my life, but now it shall be your badge as well."

The plump a ms slipped around his neck with the chain, which was clasped, and the locket tucked beneath the linen. In an instant the youth lost his boyhood as if young manhood had been thrust upon him. He caught the fair girl in his arms and kissed her passionately, sprang through the door as the coach stopped and fled without looking back. There is an age of boyhood, manhood and foolhood. Harry Rankin had suddenly arrived at the latter.

CHAPTER V.

The fleeing young man found refuge in his plain, bare-walled, uncarpeted room, and buried himself in the huge feather mattress of the old-fashioned cord-bed. The cord of one of these beds and that of a country church choir had often been commented on by way of comparison, and no explanation seems necessary.

Harry could not even render an account to his mother for hours; his brain whirled with mad pain. As his environments dawned upon him in full force, he struggled with wild despair and desire to be free. At ten time, he had become calm and determined. He had related the whole story to his mother, and was ready to give the "duffer" an explosion.

"Mr. Bates," he said, as officially as he could command language, "my time here is up. I shall never more enjoy your Fourth of July allowances and annual sums of twenty-five cents. I shall never again milk ten wicked cows twice per day while you hold their caudal appendages and tie their kicking pedals. I leave you to the mercy of your raw-boned negro. May your swine never rise up in another world and expose their bill of fare at your hospitable board. He whom you daily routed at 4 o'clock in the morning to drive the cackling poultry to water, now retires from active business. *Au revoir*, until the navigation of life ceases."

"You impudent young brat! You reprobate! You—— what does this mean?"

"My meanness is, that I am going to Hebron Academy, that's all, perhaps to college later on. I think Yale would be about the ticket. After that I may aspire to the lower house of Congress or the Senate. I am not particular about the Presidency, as this country is opposed to a third term."

"Mrs. Bates! Do you hear this lunatic? I always told you he was wild. Silence, sir! Off to bed with you."

"Harry always does as he says he will," said the mother proudly, who believed that her boy was a little superior to others. A mother is an institution with the best baby, the best boy and the best family in the world. My own mother answers so well to this definition that I have lost all love and respect for any other kind.

"Very well, sir. If you will go to the Academy, and I think it time you went somewhere, it is only six miles away. You can be here mornings, nights, Saturdays, Sundays and stormy days, and I guess I can work you enough for your board."

"Thanks!" exclaimed Harry. "Such generosity smells to Heaven. I have other views, however, and shall leave this house for all time to-morrow morning."

"You will return a humbled beggar in less than a month, more like."

CHAPTER VI.

Mrs. Bates drove her boy to Hebron the next morning. He had one hundred and fifty dollars in cash, which he had earned and hoarded by the sale of berries and chestnuts during his half dozen years on the farm. Board was secured with some nice but humble people at two dollars and fifty cents per week. His mother increased his sum by fifty dollars, and the whole amount was placed in the bank against contingency. Harry secured the friendship of the Academy, which gave him his tuition and fifty dollars per term besides. Here was one hundred and fifty dollars which would pay his expenses, by close living, for the scholastic year. Of this he appropriated ninety-seven dollars and one-half for board for thirty-nine weeks, twenty dollars for books and the remainder for other purposes. Beyond this he only lacked unlimited money for "books," a half dozen sporting dogs and guns, a race horse and dog-cart, boxing gloves and shell boat, apartments at the hotel and a girl with a piece of court plaster on the right hand corner of her dimpled chin, to make him a modern model young pupil.

The fall term had been running several weeks, but Harry made up and held his own in he classes in spite of his severe duties as janitor. He endeavored to master the preparatory course for college in detail. He was not brilliant, but persevering. He had no friends in school except Miss Mary, and consequently no false pride about working for his position. At his request, his single friend consented to watch the battle and not influence others in his behalf. He further informed the Grays fully of his duties and consequent inability to call. On Saturdays, he took out door work around town, carefully hoarding the dollar and a half thus earned per day with the sum already in the bank. At the end of the scholastic year he had three hundred and fifty dollars gotten together by hard toil. It was a brave life to lead. It was a hard life, although it did not sport as much style nor spend as much money as a position of drug clerk with a little more salary.

On every other Sunday the mother visited the son. Harry was happy with her, but never asked a word about the "duffer."

In course of the year the janitor had won the respect of the school. There was a general condescension in his behalf. He was never tormented but once. A dapper young man, which Lotta, the actress, would term "six for a cent young man," who was in the senior class and belonged to one of the wealthy families of the village, tripped Harry up one winter's morning before the whole school and spilled him and his pails of kindlings and coal over the portico.

"See the granger go down!" he shouted, as boys and girls joined in the laughter.

The "granger" arose, and although the dapper young man was much taller, said "granger" stood him on his head in a huge snow bank instanter, and, without violence, reduced him in good fashion.

The dapper young man went to Miss Mary, whom be doted on, for sympathy, but failed to find it. After that no one attempted to molest the "granger." A granger in Chicago is a man who goes round in farmers' garb and lumber wagon selling oleomargarine for fresh country butter.

CHAPTER VII.

Commencement day arrived in beautiful June. Harry was seventeen on the very day, a fine looking fellow as could be found in all Hebron. Beauty condescendingly smiled on him, but he saw only one face. He had swept the many floors and halls for the last time, carried the last wood and coal and made the last fires for the first year. The large lawn in front of the academy, under his hands had become a thing of beauty and the admiration of the town. He was standing on the silent portico, leaning against a great pillar. Other young men would have been carving their names and initials all over the available walls, but he was content to carve his name in the hearts of men in the hereafter, for the sake of one he knew. Sometimes loved ones are nearest when we dream of them most.

There was a light step, and Mary Gray stood before him in a dazzling costume of white. Such an exquisite vision he had never looked upon since the memorable day when he first saw her. He could scarce restrain himself from falling at her feet in worship.

"How handsome you look, Harry, in your new suit. My knight is a noble one indeed," was her greeting.

"Ah, Miss Mary! your knight is but a janitor after all,—a carrier of wood and drawer of water. But this is my birthday. I may be happy for the moment's notice of such an angel as you, Miss Mary," and he drew the treasured locket from his now whitened neck and pressed it to his lips. Did she blush with happiness or vexation? "Senator Wilson pegged shoes once," she said; "that answers your first remark, I'm sure. But let your pessimistic speculations drop for the day. I want you to spend this last day of the school year with me and let me make you happy. We will go to Commencement together. You shall dine with me at our house, and to night—well, John Harvey has asked me to take the commencement ride with him."

Harvey was the young fellow whom Harry put in the snow-bank.

"But you will not go with him?" cried Harry in dismay.

"That depends," she said archly. "I am to answer him to-day, and if no one more to my liking asks, I shall have to accept him." She regarded him knowingly.

"Miss Mary, do not tempt me," said Harry in distress. "I must not be seen with you to-day, nor can I ask you to ride, because every one knows me and my occupation."

"I asked papa and mamma, and they said you were better company than those boys that less is known of and who dote on their rich parents. If you don't do as I say, I'll run away with John Harvey, so now," she said pouting prettily or pretty poutingly.

That settled Harry at once. Without a word they sauntered off to church, where the exercises were already begun. The usher took them two-thirds up the main aisle, where Mrs. Gray was sitting. There was an instant ripple in the audience, and Mrs. Partington whispered, "there's the janitor with Mary Gray," and her daughter sighed and said, "Mary *will* have the handsomest fellows anyway."

As for John Harvey, a chill seemed to travel along his spine.

The Hon. Elihu Gray, President of the Board of Trustees, glanced from the platform and smiled. Mrs. Bates regarded her son from the gallery with pride and amazement.

The oratorical air of the graduating class had finally been disseminated, and the sheepskins distributed. Oratorical air is the torrent of eloquence which annually lets loose from the schools and sweeps the ocean under the name of "typhoon," "simoon," "trade winds" and a demand for an increase of asylums for the care of spring poets. A sheepskin is a certificate of inspection granted by any reputable institution for a consideration of five dollars. It is made of oiled paper.

Mr. Gray arose and said:

"It is my pleasant duty to offer an innovation on the time-honored customs of this occasion. The executive committee have directed me to say that they are so well pleased with the delightful appearance of the academic grounds that they desire me to publicly award Mr. Harry Rankin, the janitor, a purse of $100 in gold. I am further instructed by residents on the academy street, who claim that by reason of the improved condition of the school premises the value of real estate has been enhanced, to increase the sum to $500." [Applause.]

The town paper, in accounting for this extraordinary generosity on the following morning, intimated what was previously unknown to the public, that Rankin was the savior of the life of Miss Gray, and the president of the board himself had contributed the largest part of the purse.

CHAPTER VIII.

At Hebron Academy it had ever been the custom on commencement nights for the students to pair off and take a long drive into the country to some point where a collation was served. Darkness had set in when the Gray coach took in Miss Mary and Harry for the drive. The collation passed off, the toasts were responded to and all postprandial formalities observed. The coach had started for Hebron.

"Miss Mary," said Harry, "did you see me conversing with Mr. Trenton, the railway director, at your table to-day?"

"Yes, Harry."

"He offered me a place for the summer in a railway survey at seventy-five dollars per month and expenses. That will give me two hundred and twenty-five dollars for three months' vacation work. By using that sum for my expenses during the next scholastic year, I can dispense with janitorial work and finish my course. Then, with the money I have in the bank, I can go to Yale."

"That is splendid for my knight," said Miss Mary proudly, drawing so near Harry that he took her in his arms.

"Mary," said he, after a blissful silence during which the coachman counted seventeen kisses, "there seems to be a future for your knight. Will you wait until success crowns him and share his life, or shall he go back to the farm and the 'duffer' and give up?"

She put both arms around his neck, this exquisite child. "I am proud of you now, Harry, and would share life with you without waiting for success if that were best. If you had not asked me to-night, I should have wished I had died on that day when the accident occurred."

Three months later Harry Rankin returned from his railway engineering. The first news that greeted him was the death of his step-father the evening previous, leaving him, unconditionally, a fortune of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which no one knew was in his possession, save his lawyer and banker. The old man could not withstand the wave of respect that bowed at the rising farm-boy. Harry went to Yale and Miss Mary to Vassar. For once, a Vassar girl remained true to her vows, and they were married soon after graduation. They went abroad for three years, Harry studying law meanwhile under a private tutor. He returned as it was soon sent to Congress in literal fulfilment of his remarks to the "duffer." To this day, he insists to young men that when one has neither blood nor funds to depend on, as was his case, that environment will be found a potent factor to success, which heredity alone cannot give. Heredity is any kind of an excuse for getting rid of work.

THE COUNTERSIGN.

BY PITS-JAMES O'BRIEN.

Alas! the weary hours pass slow.
The night is very dark and still,
And in the marshes far below
I hear the bearded whip poor-will;
I scarce can see a yard ahead.
My ears are strained to catch each sound;
I hear the leaves about me shed,
And the springs bubbling through the ground.

Along the beaten path I pace,
Where white rays mark my sentry's track;
The formless shrubs I seem to trace
The foeman, crouching with bending back.
I think I saw him crouching low;
I stop and list, I stoop and peer,
Until the neighboring hillocks grow
To groups of warriors far and near.

With ready pace I wait and watch,
Until my eyes, familiar grown,
Detect each harmless earthen notch,
And turn guerrillas into stone;
And then, among the lowly gloom,
Beneath the weird old tulip trees,
My silent marches, I resume,
And think on other times than these.

Sweet visions through the silent night,
The deep bay window fringed with vine,
The room within in softened light,
The tender milk-white hand in mine,
The tender pressure and the pause
That oftimes overcame our speech—
That time when, by mysterious laws,
We each felt all in all to each.

And then that bitter, bitter day!
When came the final hour to part,
When, clad in soldier's honest gray,
I pressed her weeping to my heart;
Too proud of me to bid me stay,
Too fond of me to let me go,
I had to tear myself away,
And left her statued in her woe.

So rose the dream, so passed the night,
When, distant in the darksome glen,
Approaching up the awful blight,
I hear the solid march of men
Till over stubble, over sward,
And fields where lay the golden sheaf,
I saw the lantern of the guard
Advancing with the night relief.

"Halt! Who goes there?" my challenge cry,
It rings along the watchful line.
"Relief!" I hear a voice reply.
"Advance, and give the countersign!"
With bayonet at the charge, I wait;
The corporal gives the mystic spell;
With arms at port I charge my mate,
And onward pass, and all is well.

But in the tent that night, awake,
I think, if in the fray I fall,
Can I the mystic answer make
Where the angelic sentries call?
And pray that Heaven may so ordain
That when I near the camp divine,
Whether in travail or in pain,
I too may have the countersign.

A RUFFED GROUSE SKETCH.

WHAT A NATURALIST SAW.

Sam and I had been hunting ruffed grouse every day for a week, and Sunday had finally brought us to a halt for the week ahead. It was a glorious Sabbath in a little quaint village in Wagner county, Pa. We sat on the stone slab at the kitchen door of the old farm house, and smoked our pipes in contentment, watching the yellow leaves as they lazily zig-zagged down to the ground from the limbs of the half bare maples, and the antiopa butterflies slowly fluting from one sunny apple to another under the trees in the orchard close by. The old blue dove on the eaves of the barn cooed occasionally in a quaint, Sunday way as he basked in the November sunshine, and the hens were half asleep in the holes where they had been dusting themselves an hour before, in front of the barn door. Belle and Carrie were curled up in the grass near us, dreaming of grouse that never flushed wild, and everything was still. The sound of the church bell down in the village seemed far away, and mellowed as though in harmony with the color of the beech and maple woods through which its vibrations reached us.

"Sam!" said I, "those grouse down by the rock cut will be in the fruit grapes this morning, and I'm going down across the lot to see if I can get near them. Don't let the dogs follow me."

The dry leaves, a foot deep, along the fence by the grape-vines seemed to rustle louder than they ever did before, as I cautiously climbed over the rails, but no grouse was near to be frightened, and although expecting the sudden dash and whir every moment, I got near to the further side of the little patch of vines without starting a bird, and sitting down in the leaves with my back against a mossy boulder, refilled my pipe and waited. In a few minutes there was a pattering of very light footsteps in the leaves back of me. Nearer and nearer they came, stopping for a second and then proceeding again, coming my way all of the while. Suddenly a surprised "peet" on the right caused me to slowly turn my eyes in that direction, and there, within six feet, was a splendid male grouse, with erect crest and tail half spread, looking curiously at me. I kept stiller than half a mouse, and the old fellow satisfied himself that I was harmless. He came a few steps nearer, clucking all of the while, and mounting a stone, spread his tail to its fullest extent, and with crest and tail erect, with ruff distended, and with wings drooping to his feet, he turned two or three times around like a turkey gobbler. Then composing himself again he took another good look and walked around in front.

At that moment another grouse, a younger one, had come around the rock by which I was sitting, and he too went through the same performance, but not in such fine style. Both birds then walked on a way, watching me all of the while, and soon four more grouse came in sight. They walked within three rods, but paid me no attention, and busied themselves picking up fallen frost grapes. Suddenly there was a rush overhead and a grouse alighted in the vines just above me and commenced picking at a bunch of grapes, his smooth plumage with the dark markings on the sides seeming more beautiful than anything I had ever seen. Once in a while he looked down at me over his shoulder, erected his crest and gave an interested "p-et, peet," and then went on picking grapes again.

In a short time eleven grouse were in sight, moving about as gracefully as could be, putting their little feet lightly down on the dead leaves, and all engaged in hunting for food. One of them flew up to the one already in the vines, and then nearly all followed, and commenced picking the grapes that hung in scattered clusters.

All of this while I had remained perfectly quiet, but my position was fast becoming uncomfortable. An edge of rock was boring into the middle of my back; another sharp piece had done its level best to penetrate the back of my head, and a jagged stump had worked just as far into my leg as it could possibly get without amputating the leg, and I had to move. The grouse all seemed alarmed at me. They sat straight and motionless among the vines, but none flew. For several minutes they remained in this position, and knowing that I was discovered I arose, expecting to see all dart off at once. This they did not do, however, but started slowly one at a time, and sailed off only a few rods into the woods.

How different the scene the next day, when with fast ranging setters we found them down in the ravine and sent bounding into the ferns, with feathers flying, three or four of the proudest of the flock.—[Mark West in Forest and Stream.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN OF THE FESTIVAL.

BY ELIZABETH P. GOULD.

In was in the autumn of 1623. The little village of Plymouth, in its life of three years, had grown from its original number of one hundred and two persons, who were divided into nineteen families for the better distribution of building lots, to that of one hundred and eighty inhabitants, who were now living in thirty cabins.

On a high hill could be seen the fort, built of wood, loam and stone, on the roof of which were mounted the guns. It was here that all the religious services were held, for not till twenty-five years later was the first meeting house built. At a short distance were the graves of those who had found the hardships of the new country too much for them. The fair watch-tower looked out upon the town which compassed only about half a mile.

In the plans for the government of the people, this autumn had seen the "trial by jury of twelve honest men" become an established law. In the spring before, the plan had been adopted for each man to plan and cultivate his own corn. The people had previously, with some dissatisfaction, worked in common and shared all things. But now, in this spring of 1623 in the midst of great discouragements, for all their victuals were spent, and they were only to rest on God's providence, at night not many times knowing where to have a bit of any thing the next day; they had planted twenty acres of corn and dressed it with fish; but the long-continued drought threatened such great evil that in July, Governor Bradford appointed a day of fasting and prayer that they might be blessed with rain. The rain came abundantly, the crops were blessed and the harvest was very plentiful. This caused great rejoicings among the people which so warmed the heart of the good Governor that he determined to have a good time in honor of it. So, after the gathering of all the harvest, he sent out a company into the woods to procure all the game possible. In the meanwhile he sent for Massasoit, the chief of the Pokanoket tribe of Indians, which inhabited the territory from Cape Cod to Narragansett Bay—to come with as many of his followers as possible and join with him and his in a general feasting and thanksgiving. Massasoit accepted the invitation and came with ninety of his followers to the festal board, where was cooked and ready to be eaten the game which the party had been able to procure, as well as all the good things which the land could produce for them.

It is pleasant to know that this great Sachem, in his long life of eighty years, never forgot his amity with the Pilgrims, but was true and helpful to them in many ways.

It is complimentary to the colonists, in their treatment of him, that after his death his two eldest sons went to Plymouth and asked them to give them English names, and the court named them Alexander and Philip.—[Boston Courier.

WHEN YOU ARE NEAR.

When you are near
I feel the hot blood mount into my cheek;
I move as one upon whose life a spell
Most powerful has fallen, and I speak
With word-clogged tongue—but why I cannot tell.

And when your eyes
Glance into mine, a strange electric thrill
Runs through each vein; I bow my head and stand,
A soul bound captive, subject to your will,
Held fast with silken cords to fairy land.

And when your hand,
Fair and fashioned so slenderly, rests within mine own,
I know not if the world is dark or bright;
The sun may shine, or winter winds may moan,
The outer world is blotted from my sight.

I can but see
The rare, sweet beauty of your dark brown eyes,
The well poised head, the dainty, red-ripe lips,
The wealth of brown, silken tresses, blown care less wise.
What wonder if all else is in eclipse?

HIS DEAREST FRIEND.

[New York Hour.]

When Norman Van Elst told people that Frank Garnet was his dearest friend he meant a great deal, for although Van Elst claimed but few friends, he clung to those he had like drowning men to cling to what ever can save them from sinking. He had been more unhappy during his early days than boys usually are, for he had lost both parents when he was a mere child, and had been reared by a childless pair of relatives, who loved him dearly, but knew no better ways of showing their affection than by withholding his pennies, so that he might not grow up with that evil habit. By delivering to him an endless course of lectures, in the hope of saving his soul from the bottomless pit. He met Garnet almost as soon as he reached his majority, and came to New York with the small patrimony to which he was entitled. Garnet was so cheery that he was a steady stimulant to Van Elst's sober life, a while as that friend could endure a tance an earnestness so unusual in young men that, with a New Yorker's quick appreciation of whatever is worth having, he returned in hearty measure the regard bestowed upon him.

After the friendship of the two had grown for a year, however, Van Elst began to feel almost guilty over the fact that Garnet was not as much in his mind as he had been. For Van Elst had fallen in love. During the fortnight's vacation granted him by the firm with whom he was reading law, he had several times met Miss Florence Ashmore, a very pretty damsel from Baltimore, and as in manners and conversation she was far superior to any one he had known in the country town in which he was reared, as well as to any young lady he had met in New York, he did not wait a moment to analyze his feelings, but pronounced himself irrevocably in love. As he was very bashful and Miss Ashmore was quite sprightly and brilliantly sarcastic on the subject of young men who imagined themselves in love, he did not declare his passion. The lady was unable, however, to prevent her merry face sobering a little and her honest eyes ceasing to laugh whenever Van Elst quoted poetry or talked of music, or raphsodized over beautiful scenery, and although he never made love to her in the conventional manner, he talked of the tender passion in a way that made the young lady not only unable to laugh at him, but constrained her to listen as if she longed to hear more; and what pleased him more than anything else was that Miss Ashmore was kind enough to hear, without showing signs of weariness, all of Van Elst's praises of Garnet. She even did a good listener that she asked questions about Van Elst's dear friend.

Van Elst returned to the city full of hope. He had asked nothing; Miss Ashmore had promised nothing; but could he be mistaken when he believed that her face and said far more than she had meant to divulge? Naturally reserved and secretive, he nevertheless could not keep his joy to himself; so on his return to town he hurried to Garnet's room, determining to tell all, yet wondering how he would be able to put his story into words. He found Garnet in high spirits, although, when they had parted two weeks before, Garnet bemoaned the fate that compelled him to remain in town all summer. Garnet's spirits rose still higher when he saw his friend looking, as he declared, far better than ever before. He laughingly demanded an explanation of the change, and suggested that perhaps his friend had fallen in love, upon which Van Elst blushed like a girl, and then Garnet insisted that he should at once hear the whole story. Van Elst turned his face away, for he felt that in his happiness he must be looking extremely silly. He leaned against the mantel, looking at Garnet's little collection of curios as intently as if he had never seen them before.

"Go on, old fellow," said Garnet, encouragingly; "you couldn't have a more sympathetic listener, for I'm in the same condition as you."

This remark might have enabled Van Elst to open his mouth, had not his eye just then strayed to the end of the mantel and fallen upon a small photograph of Florence Ashmore.

"Speak boldly, I tell you, and don't delay," continued Garnet, "or I shall get ahead of you and tell a love story myself."

"All right," said Garnet, gayly; "it may thus far kept. Perhaps he remembered how afraid he was of the guns, so much so, that, trembling all over, he had motioned them away. He surely recalled how, after the interview, having left hostages behind, he was led back to the brook by the Governor himself to rejoin his party; where he found that, in the meanwhile, the Governor had sent for his kettle and returned it 'full of pease.' As Governor Carver had died soon after this meeting with the great chief, he was not present at these festivities to add his memories of that pleasant occasion. Perhaps this little reminiscence reminded Massasoit of a little later time, when an embassy, with Squanto as interpreter, from the colonists, came to his home in Narragansett Bay, and brought to him, as a present, a red cotton cloak, 'laced with a slight lace,' and to his chiefs some beads and jackknives, how he received them gladly, adorned himself in the coat, made a great speech assuring them of his friendship and cautioning them not to trust the rival tribe of the Narragansetts.

At the mention of this tribe, some of the colonists must have been reminded, even in the midst of their feasting, of the sad fate of poor Squanto, who was killed by one of its chiefs; but they were doubtless proud to relate how ten of their number, armed, surrounded the tribe numbering its several thousands, on its own dominions, and conquered them. Squanto was dear to the Pilgrims, for it was he who had told them how to cultivate the corn and to manure it with fish; and how to raise and cook the squashes, pumpkins and beans which added so much to their feast.

Massasoit must have missed, in these festivities, the bright, young face of the gentleman-born Winslow. He was one of the youngest of the leaders—being then only twenty-nine years old—but his diplomatic power made him essential in all the negotiations of the colonists. He was off in England at this time, on business for the colony, where he remained till the following spring, when he returned with three heifers and a bull, these being the first neat cattle that came into New England. Perhaps his friends thought that if he could not have the pleasure of partaking of the first Thanksgiving feast in New England, he could claim the honor of having been the first one who was married there; for, his wife having died soon after her arrival, he had married the mother of Peregrine White, who was the first Pilgrim child born there. Massasoit owed much to this generous-hearted man, and his friendship for him never failed. As he missed him on this joyous occasion, his thoughts must have gone back to the year before, when he fell very sick, so sick that in his failure to see Winslow, who had come to help him, he grasped his hand and cried out, 'Oh, Winsnow! Winsnow!' He must have remembered how Winslow washed out his mouth, gave him medicines, and finally cured him. If Winslow himself had been at the feast, he could have told a pleasant reminiscence of this sickness; how when he was delirious from fever, he had motioned them away. He surely recalled how, after the interview, having left hostages behind, he was led back to the brook by the Governor himself to rejoin his party; where he found that, in the meanwhile, the Governor had sent for his kettle and returned it 'full of pease.' As Governor Carver had died soon after this meeting with the great chief, he was not present at these festivities to add his memories of that pleasant occasion. Perhaps this little reminiscence reminded Massasoit of a little later time, when an embassy, with Squanto as interpreter, from the colonists, came to his home in Narragansett Bay, and brought to him, as a present, a red-cotton cloak, 'laced with a slight lace,' and to his chiefs some beads and jackknives, how he received them gladly, adorned himself in the coat, made a great speech assuring them of his friendship and cautioning them not to trust the rival tribe of the Narragansetts.

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